



The Conjuring

by

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"For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of the dark world, and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms." Ephesians 6:12

The following is based on a true story...

Fade in

On HORSE'S HOOVES pounding over a muddy, dirt road.

Widen to see -

They belong to a team of horses pulling a wagon. At the reins is JUDSON SHERMAN, early twenties. A ranch hand around his same age rides next to him. By the way they're dressed, and the style of the wagon, we're somewhere in the late 1800's.

Judson's leading the team toward a two-story, English styled farm house with a covered porch in the distance. Maple and Hickory trees tower around it. Dull light stabs out from several windows. Smoke plumes from the fireplace. A large barn stands fifty yards away.

Lightening cracks across a violent, dark sky, as sunrise is just starting to break through the horizon. Judson pulls out a gold pocket watch. Reads: 5:15.

As he puts his watch away, he hears something. Cocks his head -- there it is again -- A BABY WAILING -- but this isn't a "I'm hungry or tired cry", this is swelling eruptions of excruciating pain.

Judson cracks the reins hard -- the horses rear, then bolt like they're shot out of a cannon, kicking up mud as they thunder faster to the house.

The wails are almost more than Judson can take as he drives the team right to the front door, and reins back hard, hopping off the wagon before it comes to a halt, then --

-- just as he gets to the front porch -- the wailing STOPS. He doesn't. Moves to the front door. Whips it open. A LARGE GREY CAT scrambles to get the hell out of there. Almost trips him as he heads in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Judson's attention is immediately drawn to a living room on his right, where the shadows of flames from the fireplace dance wickedly off the horrified look on his face. He just stares into it -- almost unable to comprehend what he's seeing. Wood crackles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As tears well, he slowly moves deeper into the room -- it's as if time has stood still for him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he gets closer and closer to the fireplace, the orange of the fire gets brighter on his face, the crackling louder.

He stops before the hearth, then looks to his feet, where a pair of long, narrow knitting needles lie on the wood floor in a puddle of blood. He's emotionally devastated.

His peripheral vision picks up on something outside moving quickly past a window.

Rage fills his face. He pivots. Dashes back out the front door, where --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

-- Judson leaps off the porch and dashes by the ranch hand who's reigning in the horses that seem spooked. He picks up speed as he moves around the side of the house, where he sees a woman in a long grey dress, bare feet and lengthy jet black hair, dashing into the barn and closing the door behind her.

Judson gets to the barn -- tries to open the door, but it won't budge. He viciously pulls on the handle over and over, testing the lock and hinges -- then finally throws his shoulder into it, breaking it open.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Judson races in. Stops and listens. It's cave dark -- the dawn light only penetrating the first few feet of the opening. Then --

-- just as he's about to move in deeper, the back-end of a thick shovel swings out of the inky black and --

WHACK! Hits Judson in the face --

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

Fade up to --

SUPER - 1972

EXT. FARMHOUSE - HARRISVILLE RHODE ISLAND - DAY

A 1970's wood paneled station wagon, with New Jersey plates, drives down a gravel driveway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER (V.O.)
Here we are --

A hundred yards back, now much older, is the same two-story farmhouse and barn. Trees have grown. It's been well cared for.

The station wagon comes to a stop in front of the house. Getting out is the driver, ROGER PERRON, a lean man in his early thirties and his wife CAROLYN, who's simply dressed with her hair pulled up -- also early thirties. Hopping out of the back are their two girls, ANDREA (7) and CINDY (15), and the family's black lab, Sadie.

Everyone is excited, except for Cindy -- a mixture of raging hormones and adolescence. She takes in her surroundings --

CINDY
Oh my God, this place looks so
boring -- we're like in the middle
of nowhere.

As Andrea enthusiastically runs ahead to the porch, Roger turns to Carolyn --

ROGER
Do you hear that?

She listens, but --

CAROLYN
I don't hear anything.

A slow growing smile cracks across his face --

ROGER
Exactly.

Carolyn looks over to open space between the house and the barn --

CAROLYN
I see where I'm putting my garden.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - RIGHT AFTER

Carolyn and the girls are next to Roger as he opens the door. Andrea dashes in.

ANDREA
I get first dibs on the rooms.

Cindy looks to her dad as she enters --

CINDY
Do I get to pick my own room, or
do I have no choice in that too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger's eyes meet Carolyn's -- who seems amused.

CAROLYN
This is why some animals eat their young.

She gives Roger a quick kiss as she enters. He playfully slaps her on the butt.

Roger turns to see Sadie standing several feet back, staring in through the open door. There's a deep intensity behind her dark eyes -- her body rigid. Roger's confused.

ROGER
C'mon, girl.

Sadie takes a reserved step backwards. Keeps staring.

ROGER (cont'd)
Sadie, c'mon --

The dog remains still -- has no intention of getting any closer. Roger lets it go.

ROGER (cont'd)
Dumb dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

Roger stands in the foyer, which opens up to a hallway that runs through the middle of the house. A staircase rises up one side. There's a kitchen to his left and the living room to his right. Boxes are everywhere. It's a bee hive of activity. Two burly MOVERS carefully maneuver a wooden gun case in through the front door.

ROGER
That goes in the living room.

They make the turn as another MOVER follows them in carrying a heavy box. Roger reads something handwritten across the top --

ROGER (cont'd)
Just put that down in the cellar.
It's the last door at the end of
the hall here.

The guy continues on past him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Carolyn stands at a counter next to a sink, unpacking several knickknacks from a box. Surrounding glass cabinets are all open, and already loaded with dishes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A large oak table and chairs are set up in a nook with a hutch tucked tight against a wall opposite it.

Carolyn peels off packing paper from THREE WAX MONKEYS on a wooden stand; hands over eyes, ears and mouth, with a written caption underneath: "HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL." She sets it on a window ledge over the sink.

Andrea comes in carrying a HAND-MADE bird-feeder and chain that only a mother could love.

ANDREA
Can I hang up my bird feeder?

CAROLYN
Of course. I think I saw a hook
on the back porch.

Andrea moves to a back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Andrea comes outside. Bugs have already started to use the porch light as a hub. A low mist hangs above the ground like a bad dream.

She sees the hook her mom was talking about and carries the feeder over to it.

As she gets up on her tiptoes to hang it --
-- A HISS OF A VOICE CALLS HER NAME...

VOICE
Andrea....

She slowly turns her head -- can't figure out where it's coming from as she scans the darkness.

ANDREA
...Hello?

No answer. More confused than scared, she hangs up the bird feeder. Then just as she's about to head inside, she spots a large, mangy-looking GREY CAT passing by the bottom step of the porch -- it looks oddly similar to the one in the opening.

ANDREA (cont'd)
Oh, hello...

It continues walking. She heads down the steps to catch up.

ANDREA (cont'd)
Where'd you come from? C'mere
kitty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cat walks around the corner of the house.

CUT TO:

Andrea's pov - as she walks around the corner. There's no cat. She looks around for a place it could have gone, but there isn't one. Her expression says it all -- that's weird.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - BACK DOOR - RIGHT AFTER

Andrea comes back in just as Roger enters from the hallway. In passing --

ANDREA
Were you calling me?

ROGER
No.

As she walks away --

ANDREA
I think there's a cat that lives here...

Andrea continues out of the kitchen as Roger comes up behind Carolyn, who's unpacking a small clock. Sets it on the windowsill next to the monkeys.

He slides his arms around her and kisses her neck -- she likes it.

CAROLYN
Careful -- this may turn into something fun.

ROGER
...If only I had the energy.
(beat)
I was thinking about running into town and grabbing a pizza at that place we passed.

CAROLYN
That'd be great.

She turns and faces him. Loves this man dearly.

CAROLYN (cont'd)
Thank you for this.
(beat)
I know it was a lot for us to chew off, but it's going to be great, isn't it --

ROGER
Yeah -- it is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A matching bedroom set has been set up. Numerous boxes are stacked and waiting to be unpacked as --

-- Carolyn pulls some clothes from a wardrobe box at the foot of her bed and walks them into --

THE CLOSET

Just as she begins to hang them up -- the noise of CREAKING WOOD draws her attention to the ceiling -- where it sounds like someone's trying to walk quietly -- then it stops.

She's a little unnerved -- walks back out into

THE BEDROOM

and crosses to a nearby window. Looks out to a tree, its leaves rustling in the wind. She cranes her head to see if any of the branches are touching the roof above the closet. Can't tell.

Just as she's about to turn away, she notices Sadie down in the yard near the front porch below, nervously pacing back and forth.

ROGER O.C.
I don't know what her problem is.
I've tried ten times to get her to come inside.

She turns, sees Roger setting a box down amongst the others.

ROGER
Last box for tonight. I'm beat.

CAROLYN
We can't just leave her out there,
she might run away.

ROGER
I'll find something to tether her to. Maybe a night outside will help change her mind.

As Roger heads back out --

CAROLYN
You weren't just on the roof, were you?

He turns around -- huh?

CAROLYN (cont'd)
I heard something, sounded like footsteps.

ROGER
It's an old house honey, it's going to make some noises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lights flicker for a moment --

ROGER (cont'd)
...Oh great.

CAROLYN
Maybe grab a flashlight too --

Roger heads out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Carolyn's eyes open -- she's awakened to what sounds like the distant screams of hundreds of children -- but that can't be right. She glances to Roger, who is sound asleep. She slips out of bed to investigate.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - BACK PORCH - RIGHT AFTER

Carolyn comes out the back door. Listens -- it's much louder. Her attention is drawn to the woods directly behind the house where the screaming is coming from.

A HAND touches her shoulder -- she about jumps out of her skin. She whirls. Roger is standing right behind her.

ROGER
Whoa -- sorry.

Carolyn slowly turns back around to face the woods.

CAROLYN
What *is* that?

ROGER
(amused)
Tree frogs -- about as big as
softballs. They're fucking.

She looks back at him over her shoulder --

CAROLYN
And you know this because?

ROGER
I used to catch them as a kid at
my Grand-dad's.

Carolyn looks back out into the night.

CAROLYN
Sounds like some pretty rough sex.

Roger playfully pulls her into an embrace --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
I think it's going to take some time for this city girl to get used to this country living.

CAROLYN
I think you're right.

She snuggles up --

CAROLYN (cont'd)
(coy) You still too tired?

ROGER
Those frogs make you horny?

CAROLYN
No -- you do.

As they head in, Carolyn's gaze drifts back over her shoulder one more time into the darkness -- still slightly uneasy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Clouds have moved in, swallowing any illumination from the moon and stars, giving the house an ill-boding presence. The frogs have stopped, replaced by a lingering, unholy silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Carolyn, wearing a robe, comes out of the bedroom -- side steps a few boxes. Morning light streaks in through several windows, illuminating the fact that the Perrons are far from being unpacked.

The bathroom door opens and Cindy sticks her head out --

CINDY
Do you think maybe we could've bought a house that has a toilet that works --

CAROLYN
Tell your dad.

As Carolyn walks away --

CINDY
And there was this really funky smell in my bedroom last night -- like something died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
Is it there now?

CINDY
No.

CAROLYN
Problem solved.

Cindy rolls her eyes, then retreats back into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - RIGHT AFTER

As Carolyn passes a clock at the base of the stairs, she notices that it reads: 5:15 AM. She stops, checks her watch, resets the clock to 7:38 AM.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Carolyn crosses to a packing box on the counter. Digs a kettle out of it. She moves to the sink and as she turns on the water to fill it --

-- she freezes. On the window ledge before her are --

-- The THREE WAX MONKEYS -- but instead of being lined up in a row like they were before, they are now facing each other -- their heads all melted into one, like some deformed creature.

She then notices that the small clock she put next to them has stopped at 5:15 as well --

ANDREA O.C.
Mommy, where's Sadie?

Carolyn turns to see Andrea standing at the kitchen door.

CAROLYN
She's out front. Why don't you see if she'll come in. She's got to be hungry.

Andrea tears out of the kitchen, dodging Roger as he enters.

ROGER
Slow down there, kiddo.

He looks to Carolyn standing at the sink -- knows something's up.

ROGER (cont'd)
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She steps aside, showing him the monkeys. As Roger approaches --

ROGER (cont'd)
...Damn. Is the ledge hot?

CAROLYN
(a little spooked)
Not at all.
(beat)
And look at the clock -- it
stopped at 5:15. So did the one
in the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - SAME

Andrea comes out of the front door. She sees an iron post pounded into the ground with a chain snaking off it. Sadie's tail is visible, but a full view of her is hidden by a bush at the bottom of the stairs.

ANDREA
Sadie --

The tail remains motionless.

ANDREA (cont'd)
Wake up girl --

Andrea takes a step down to the next. She claps her hands together --

ANDREA (cont'd)
C'mon girl -- time for breakfast!

There's still no response --

Andrea comes down off the last step -- she blanches. Her little lips start to tremble at what she sees --

-- Sadie lies dead on the ground, the chain wrapped around her body like an Anaconda -- her tongue protrudes, limp; her eyes are dull, white.

Off Andrea's scream --

DISSOLVE TO:

Over black --

ED (V.O.)
Fear is defined as a feeling of
agitation and anxiety caused by
the presence or imminence of
danger. I don't care if it's a
demon, a ghost, a spirit or an
entity -- they all feed on it.
(beat)
Take Maurice here --

INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

ED and LORRAINE WARREN (early thirties) are up on a stage standing behind a podium. An audience of three hundred captivated college students are seated before them as rough film footage rolls on a LARGE SCREEN of a despondent looking man, rail thin, late 20's, sitting in a chair. His eyes are black, matching his hair. His skin is pasty white. A Catholic priest is next to him, reciting Latin from a bible in barely audible words.

ED

-- He was a French Canadian farmer with nothing more than a third grade education -- yet after being possessed by a demon, spoke some of the best Latin I had ever heard -- sometimes backwards. He had been molested by his father, who also exposed him to bestiality.

(beat)

Evil found its home in this man because he was conflicted, and forced into this -- he never had a choice.

(beat)

He thought he was saving his wife by shooting her -- like his father did to his mother.

LORRAINE

If you look at his eyes, you can see them tearing blood onto his shirt.

Maurice's white T-shirt slowly starts to get blotted with drips of blood; dark, crimson red. He suddenly SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN, his body writhing --

LORRAINE (cont'd)

And upside down crosses started appearing on his body.

We see Ed lifting up the side of Maurice's shirt, exposing for the camera --

-- TWO UPSIDE DOWN CROSSES pushing OUT at his skin from the inside. Camera closes in.

The audience can't believe what they're seeing.

ED

That's good, Jerome, why don't you hit the lights --

As the house lights kick back on, we see JEROME DAVIS (20's), Ed and Lorraine's technical assistant standing in the back of the lecture hall. He has longish hair, wears cords and a flannel shirt. A leather necklace with peace sign is draped around his neck. He turns the projector off.

TIME CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed and Lorraine are in the middle of a Q & A with the audience. A male student with a tie-dyed shirt and wild Afro is standing up --

LORRAINE
-- We investigate roughly a hundred or so cases a year.

AFRO
Cool. Thanks.

As Afro takes a seat, hands go up. Ed points to another student who wears GLASSES four rows back. He gets to his feet.

GLASSES
This is some creepy shit you two do for a living --

Subtle laughs escape from the crowd.

GLASSES (cont'd)
So how do you keep these things from going after you?

ED
We don't get personally involved with people we're working with or what we're investigating -- it makes you emotionally vulnerable which gives them a way in. And of course, our faith in God.

He sits back down. Hands fly up again -- Lorraine points to a female student with a PONYTAIL in the front row, who gets to her feet. She seems a little hesitant to speak, then --

PONYTAIL
...I wake up at night sometimes and it feels like someone's laying next to me. Have you ever dealt with anything like that before?

LORRAINE
Many times.
(beat)
Does it scare you?

PONYTAIL
I'm a little freaked, yeah.

LORRAINE
Freaked is normal, do you feel threatened?

PONYTAIL
...Not really. It's just weird.

LORRAINE
(gentle)
Come here for a sec --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lorraine moves up to the edge of the stage, joining the girl who does the same.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Give me your hands.

The girl offers them to her. Lorraine takes hold, then closes her eyes. A moment later --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
The bed you sleep in, belonged to
your Grandmother, didn't it?

PONYTAIL
(amazed)
Yeah.

LORRAINE
And you were very close before she
died.

Ponytail is getting blown away --

PONYTAIL
She raised me.

Lorraine opens her eyes --

LORRAINE
It's her.

Ponytail's eyes well as she tries to contain her emotions.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
You need to let her know that
you're okay so she can move on.
She still worries about you.

PONYTAIL
How do I do that?

With a gentle smile...

LORRAINE
Next time you have that feeling,
tell her.

Lorraine lets go of her hands. As Ponytail sits back down, Ed nods to another male student in the front row. Wears a beanie.

GLASSES
I'd love to know what scares you
the most?

Ed cracks a small smile --

ED
Being married to a clairvoyant --
there's not a whole lot I can get
away with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The crowd laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUDITORIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jerome slides open the side door of a VW van. There's a sticker on the window that reads, "When this van's a rockin', don't bother knockin'". He sets the projector next to an array of other electronic equipment, then --

-- turns to Ed and Lorraine, who are about to get into a Plymouth parked right next to him.

ED
So, you feel like Chinese?

He looks at them with a cocky grin --

JEROME O.C.
I hate to bail on you, but I think
I'm going to do some "tutoring".

Ed and Lorraine are slightly confused, until -- Jerome turns and smiles at a young woman approaching them. It's the Pony Tail girl.

Ed lets an amused laugh escape his lips as he gets into the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

Roger approaches a guy wearing incredibly dirty pants and shirt, who's peering down a hole in the ground into a septic system -- Carolyn can be seen in the background tending to a newly sprouting, completely fenced in garden. A SCARECROW, secured to a make-shift cross of 2x4's, stands at attention in the middle of it. It's wearing overalls, plaid shirt and donning a wig with shoulder length hair capped over a small pillow that has a crude face drawn on. Roger's big rig is parked next to the barn.

Roger gets to the guy, who turns and faces him. His shirt has a name tag, reads: Carl.

ROGER
Did you find the problem?

Carl looks to him.

CARL
Yeah -- but you're not going to like it.

ROGER
They teach you guys to say that,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carl isn't humored.

CARL
It's the septic -- needs to be replaced. It's got to be at least forty years old.

This is not what Roger wants to hear.

ROGER
Can't you just rig it somehow?

CARL
Someone's already used that one up.

ROGER
So -- what're we looking at?

Carl runs some numbers in his head.

CARL
All in -- about fourteen grand.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - RIGHT AFTER

A stressed Roger stands opposite Carolyn, who continues to tend the garden.

ROGER
Seven grand for the new electrical
and now fourteen for this --

CAROLYN
We knew there could be problems,
honey.

ROGER
Yeah, but I don't know how much
more we can afford.

She stops. Looks at him -- what do you mean?

Roger takes a beat --

ROGER (cont'd)
I got a call from Mike this morning -- because of this damn gas crunch, they're going to have to start laying people off.

CAROLYN
...Does that mean you?

ROGER
I'm not exactly senior there --

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

A full moon spotlights THE SCARECROW like it's standing center stage. It's now surrounded by a FULLY FLOURISHING GARDEN; tall rows of corn stalks, bright yellow squash, red tomatoes and beans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

It's late. Carolyn has a basket of laundry tucked under her arm as she heads down the hallway toward her room at the end.

She stops at the closed bathroom door which has a phone cord running across the floor from Cindy's room into it.

CINDY O.C.
... School basically sucks,
there's no cute guys... and
there's so many friggin bugs...

Carolyn just sighs as she opens the door. Sees Cindy standing in front of a mirror, phone to ear, comparing two different colors of eye shadow, closing one eye at a time --

CAROLYN
Bed. Five minutes.

She closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - SAME

Paper butterflies adorn her walls. Stuffed animals line a small shelf above a vanity mirror and dresser. An Easy Bake oven and Barbie play-set are lined up neatly against a wall.

Andrea is under her covers in a frilly four posted bed, head propped slightly by a pillow as she reads a book. A lamp on a nightstand next to her cascades a four foot radius of light.

Her body tightens as she catches a quick glimpse of something furry jumping onto her bed, but her book has obscured a full view --

-- she slowly lowers it to get a better look -- finds the cat she saw earlier standing on the foot of her bed. It's looking right at her.

ANDREA
How'd you get in here?

As she sits upright, the cat scurries off the bed and out of her room into the hallway --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrea scrambles out from under the covers and quickly follows. She looks out her door in time to see the cat slip into Cindy's room just down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Andrea moves to Cindy's room, she can hear her sister still talking on the phone in the bathroom. Her mom is folding clothes on the bed in the master bedroom at the end, unaware of her presence.

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Andrea stands in the doorway looking to see where the cat went. Her face is hit by a PURPLE HUE cascading from a BLACKLIGHT hanging above a bed; posters of The Jackson Five, peace signs and Alice in Wonderland, all glow from the light. Scattered clothes litter the floor. The bed's unmade.

Andrea can't see the cat anywhere, then she hears it *HISSING* from under the bed.

ANDREA
What's wrong, Kitty?

Andrea comes into the room and over to the bed.

She kneels. As she looks underneath, her eyes immediately fall upon a Raggedy Anne doll -- seemingly staring at her -- scares her slightly. The hissing starts up again, but she can't see where the cat is as her vision is obscured by other dolls stuffed under the bed.

She reaches in and moves a couple aside -- sees the cat, but her breath gets caught in her throat --

-- the blacklight has made its eyes look wild, almost demonic as it stares at something that's seemingly right behind her. She snaps a look back over her shoulder, but nothing's there.

The cat suddenly bolts right past her -- the movement startling Andrea, who instinctively recoils. She watches the cat slip through a partially opened closet door into the darkness beyond.

As she gets to her feet, Carolyn appears in the doorway.

CAROLYN
Hey, you're supposed to be asleep.

ANDREA
I saw that cat again, it went into the closet.

Andrea heads to it. A very curious Carolyn flips a light switch on the wall as she enters --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN

Really...?

She joins Andrea at the closet. Opens the door wider.

Carolyn reaches overhead and pulls on a light string, filling the large walk-in closet with bright light. There's an array of clothes and shoes, but -- no cat. Carolyn turns to Andrea --

CAROLYN (cont'd)

You sure?

ANDREA

Yeah, I swear.

CAROLYN

It's not here now. It probably just slipped out and we didn't see it.

Andrea bends down, looking under Cindy's bed again -- it's not there.

CAROLYN (cont'd)

C'mon, let's get you back into bed. I'll look for it.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

As Andrea climbs back into bed --

ANDREA

When's daddy going to be back?

CAROLYN

He said he's going to try to make it home tonight.

Carolyn begins to tuck her in --

ANDREA

How come he's gone so much?

CAROLYN

He lost his job, sweetie, so he's driving for anyone he can right now -- we gotta pay the bills.

ANDREA

Well, bills suck.

Carolyn smiles --

CAROLYN

They sure do.

ANDREA

Will you lie down with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN

...Sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN THE BED LATER

Carolyn, who's fallen asleep next to Andrea, awakens to a distant SCRATCHING NOISE. She listens for few beats -- there it is again. She climbs out of bed to investigate.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She comes out of the bedroom. The SCRATCHING NOISE is coming from downstairs. She walks by several pictures of Cindy, Andrea and the family together hanging on the walls as she heads toward the staircase.

Suddenly the noise turns violent -- DEEP, VICIOUS SCRATCHES -- like nails across wood. She slows her pace dramatically.

Carolyn moves to the top of the staircase -- almost too afraid to look down. Digs up some courage --

Her pov - THE CELLAR DOOR rattles upon impact as something continues to dig and claw at the door from the other side.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn heads down as the scratching continues.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She comes off the bottom step and guardedly moves down the hallway to the door.

Just as she gets to it, THE SCRATCHING INSTANTLY STOPS. The house gets church quiet. She listens intently -- torn with what to do.

Carolyn retreats momentarily back into the kitchen -- comes out a second later with a flashlight.

She slowly gets onto her hands and knees. Targets a one inch gap between the bottom of the door and floor with the flashlight, then --

-- thumbs the switch. THE LIGHT INSTANTLY REFLECTS OFF TWO EYES BORING RIGHT BACK AT HER from within the dark recess -- but there's nothing human, nor animal about them.

Carolyn freaks -- recoils in a frenzy of motion. She scrambles back to the kitchen door where she grabs a RUBBER DOOR-WEDGE from the floor next to it. She ushers it back to the cellar door and SLAMS it into the gap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY O.C.
 (concerned)
 What's going on?

Carolyn spins. Sees Cindy and Andrea staring down at her from the top of the stairs.

CAROLYN
 Stay up there!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIG RIG CAB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Roger heads down his driveway. His headlights capture Carolyn looking out the living room window at him -- she looks terrorized, anxious.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Roger stands in front of the open gun case; exposing a shotgun and a couple of rifles. He's quickly loading ammo into a hand gun.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - RIGHT AFTER

Roger comes out of the living room, gun in hand. Carolyn and the girls watch him from the top of the stairs as he heads for the cellar door, which now has a chair propped up under the handle as well as the door-wedge.

CAROLYN
Careful.

Roger removes the chair and wedge. Gun ready. He slowly opens the door --

-- Carolyn gasps at DEEP SCRATCHES that crisscross the back of it.

Roger stands still for a moment, looking at them as well, then heads down a steep set of wooden stairs that get lost in the darkness.

He flips a nearby wall switch, washing the cellar in a dull, yellow light.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Roger inches down the stairs. Alert. Ready. He steps off the bottom step -- pauses -- gun out -- eyes perusing the shelves of canned goods and stacked moving boxes. There are no windows or other exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves toward two wardrobe boxes -- big enough for something to hide behind. Closer. Closer. The knuckle on his trigger finger whitens from pressure.

He kicks one of the boxes over -- nothing happens. Looks behind the other -- empty.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - RIGHT AFTER

Roger comes up off the stairs. Closes the door behind him. Looks up to Carolyn and the girls who are waiting with baited breath upstairs.

ROGER

There's nothing down there. The scratches were probably already on the door and your light just was playing tricks on you; maybe reflected off the railing or something.

CAROLYN

(adamant)

I know what I saw Roger, and heard it digging at the door.

ROGER

Then I don't know what to tell you -- nothing's down there and there's no way out.

Andrea's nervously chewing on her fingernails.

ANDREA

Maybe it was the cat.

CINDY

This house gives me the creeps, we never should've moved here. I want to go back to New Jersey.

Andrea folds into her mom's arms.

ANDREA

I'm scared, mommy

ROGER

Just stop, both of you. There's nothing down there. Now it's late -- just go to bed.

The girls walk away, leaving Carolyn standing there. Roger's shifts his attention to her -- shakes his head.

CAROLYN

You think I'm making this up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
I think moving here has been a big
adjustment. Maybe too big.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD TWO-STORY VICTORIAN HOME

Ed and Lorraine move up a narrow staircase to a second story. Trailing behind them are RACHEL and DAVID, a slightly overweight couple in their late twenties. Neither wear stress well.

RACHEL
It's always in the middle of the
night, around two-thirty.

LORRAINE
And they're different sounds?

DAVID
Creaking and moaning -- like
someone's in pain.

RACHEL
I think it's David's dad haunting
me -- trying to get me out of this
house.

LORRAINE
Why would he do that?

RACHEL
Because he hated me when we were
dating -- he told me I wasn't good
enough for his son. He died
before we got married, and he's
the one who left him this house.

(beat)
He's frickin buried fifty yards
across the street. I don't even
like living here -- it gives me
the heebs.

Ed stops at the top.

ED
And this is where it's strongest?

Both nod.

Ed looks up to see AN ATTIC DOOR DIRECTLY ABOVE THEM. He pulls on a rope, opening it up -- unfurling a set of attic steps.

RACHEL
We don't have to go up there with
you, do we?

LORRAINE
No -- you can wait here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed reaches into his hip pocket and retrieves a flashlight. Heads up into the dark abyss --

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Ed stands half in and out as he sweeps the interior with his light.

The place is full of old furniture, wooden trunks, boxes, clothing racks. He continues up the creaky steps into the attic. Lorraine follows him up.

LORRAINE
Funny how all attics smell the same --

Lorraine moves over to a broken dormer window where filtered moonlight pours in. It casts a blue hue across the room. She looks out --

-- unfolding across a street is a large cemetery full of tombstones -- hundreds and hundreds of them. A thick, wet fog drifts through.

Ed's light falls on a cobwebbed covered bookshelf loaded with dust. He moves to it to get a look at several URN-LIKE containers that have caught his attention. Lorraine joins him --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Forgotten relatives, maybe?

Ed uses his finger to wipe clean an inscription written on the bottom of one --

ED
No -- First Place Curling.
(beat)
You're not getting anything, are you?

LORRAINE
Not a thing.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - RIGHT AFTER

David and Rachel come up the stairs with Ed. Both look nervous to be up there. Lorraine's standing over by the broken window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
I know a lot of people would be
creeped out living by a cemetery
and -- throw a very old home into
the equation, and you're going to
get the creaking, moaning sounds --
especially at night when
temperature and humidity changes
are the greatest and can cause
some shifting in the structure.

DAVID
It's not that. We would know the
difference.

Just then, a MOANING NOISE that sounds LIKE SOMEONE'S IN AGONY, emanates through the room. Rachel grabs onto David's arm --

RACHEL
Ohmygod, that's it --

ED
Do it again, Lorraine --

David and Rachel look to Lorraine -- huh? They watch as she steps on TWO, water-stained WOODEN FLOORBOARDS that run near an old heating radiator next to her -- producing the same sound.

ED (cont'd)
Right now, it's Lorraine's weight,
but add the moisture coming in
through this broken window at
night -- the boards are going to
expand and rub against each other.
(beat)
You've heard it in different parts
of the house because of the
radiator.

RACHEL
So this place *isn't* haunted?

Lorraine shakes her head --

LORRAINE
No.

ED
You're not alone, a lot of what we
investigate turns out like this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - NIGHT

Nice. Well kept. Ed and Lorraine pull up into the driveway. Get out of the car, and head to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - BACKYARD - RIGHT AFTER

Ed and Lorraine exit a door off the kitchen. Across a well lit yard is a large chicken coop with a henhouse inside, where their daughter JUDY (7), carrying a basket full of eggs, is with Ed's MOM (60's). They're both exiting the coop -- there's a dozen or so chickens moving about, and one of them is at their feet.

MOM
Be careful honey, you don't want
to let Gertrude out.

Just as they close the coop door, Judy spots her parents.

JUDY
Daddy!!

ED
Hey there pumpkin!

Judy hands the egg basket to her grandmother, and races toward them.

JUDY
Hi mommy!

Judy runs across the yard and leaps into Ed's arms. Gives him a big hug. Lorraine sees that she's got something dark smeared all over her face.

LORRAINE
What'cha got on your face?

JUDY
Fudgesicles!

Her little eyes go wide with great pride, as --

JUDY (cont'd)
I ate the whole box!

Ed's mom approaches, all smiles --

MOM
Oh, not the whole box... I did
manage to have one.

ED
Hi mom.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek, then looks to Lorraine, half laughing. Passes Judy over to her, who gives her a big hug.

LORRAINE
I missed you!

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Ed reaches for a phone hanging on the kitchen wall. As he dials a number, he smiles when he sees a photo of Judy on the counter next to him. It's framed in Fudgesicle sticks, and made to look like a church with a cross. Scribbled along the bottom is, "I love you, daddy".

CUT TO:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Father Jordan -- Ed Warren is on
the phone for you.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - OFFICE - SAME

Walking into an opulent office full of antique furniture and religious icons, is FATHER JORDON (late thirties). He takes a seat in a chair, then picks up a phone on his desk.

FATHER JORDON
Hey Ed -- how'd it go?

ED (V.O.)
The house was empty --

FATHER JORDON
That's good news. I appreciate
your help.

ED (V.O.)
You bet.
(beat)
Was your father any better today?

FATHER JORDON
Yeah -- we actually got him up and
walking around. I think he's
going to be fine. Thanks for
asking.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine and Judy, who's now wearing pajamas, sit on the edge of the bed as Lorraine finishes braiding Judy's hair.

JUDY
Grandma really snores.

Lorraine chuckles.

LORRAINE
C'mon, let's get you into bed.

Lorraine stands and lifts the covers. Judy slides in under them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 I missed you so much.

JUDY
 I missed you too.

LORRAINE
 Sleep tight.

Lorraine gives Judy a tender kiss good-night, then reaches over and turns off a light on a nightstand next to the bed.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

Dark rain clouds threaten. The leaves in the trees have begun to turn color. The garden off to the side is now void of any growth -- the ground bare. The Scarecrow looks dead itself; it's stringy hair drawn across its face by a small breeze.

Andrea, wearing a warm sweater, is kneeling before a small grave at the base of a tree. There's a wooden cross with the name SADIE written on it. She's pulling several weeds away.

Cindy's helping Carolyn take down some sheets from a clothing line as they ripple in the wind.

Roger's Rig is parked next to the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Carolyn comes in with the girls. Roger's on the phone. He looks tired. Strained. As they cross --

ROGER
 Glen, I'm just looking for anything, man -- I need to get something going on or I'm going to lose the insurance on the rig.
 (listens; frustrated)
 That's half my rate and twice the distance.
 (listens; giving in)
 Yeah, alright, alright, I'll take it.

Roger hangs up the phone. Looks to Carolyn -- shakes his head.

CAROLYN
 (sympathetic)
 What's the route?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
Fucking Florida. Two week turn
arounds. I start tomorrow.

She's shocked that he just cussed in front of the kids.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Andrea is in bed, sound asleep. Pouring rain pelts against her window -- her eyes snap open. She finds herself facing the grey cat back on her bed -- its ears drawn back, HISSING through exposed fangs -- ready for a fight -- it's eyes slowly tracking something moving just behind her.

Andrea's peripheral vision suddenly picks up the OUTLINES OF TWO HANDS with only THREE FINGERS ON EACH pressing out from within her pillow case, folding her pillow up on the sides, closing in on her face --

The cat HISSES, then leaps to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Carolyn and Roger are rattled from a dead sleep by Andrea's blood curdling scream -- both scramble out of the covers to get to her.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Roger's to the doorway first. Looks in to see the bed's empty. Eyes shift looking for his girl, but areas of the room are swallowed in darkness.

ROGER
Andrea...?

Carolyn joins him. Roger hits the switch on the wall, shedding light on Andrea, who's curled up in a corner, hyperventilating with fear. The tears are flowing as she stares at her bed.

TIME CUT TO:

HALLWAY - LATER

Roger is pissed as he faces Carolyn just outside their bedroom, where Andrea can be seen tucked into their bed, now sleeping.

Carolyn's an emotional wreck. Wipes tears with a tissue. Both speak in hushed tones --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
Demons peering in through windows,
cold spots, doors rattling, voices
-- everyone was fine until you
started putting all this scared,
city-girl bullshit in their heads.

CAROLYN
No I haven't -- there's something
wrong with this place.

ROGER
Then how come I haven't seen it?

CAROLYN
I don't know.
(pleading)
I'm scared to death, Roger. We
need to get someone out here, a
priest or someone.

ROGER
To do what?

CAROLYN
I have no idea. Bless it --
whatever they do.

ROGER
Yeah -- that's just what the girls
need to see next -- someone
walking around here with a cross
damning everything out of this
house.
(beat)
I can't listen to anymore of this
shit.

He heads downstairs.

CAROLYN
Roger, please.

He doesn't turn around.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Roger's asleep on one of two sofas that face each other in front of the fireplace, that's glowing red from embers. There's a coffee table between the sofas with a half empty bottle of scotch. A nearby TV is fuzzy white, that is, until --

-- something dark, ominous, crosses in front of it.

Roger awakens. Sits up. Rubs his groggy eyes, then rises. Goes to the TV. Just as he turns off the TV, he hears the LOW CREAKING SOUND OF A DOOR opening. He heads to the hallway to investigate. As he passes a Grandfather clock, the time reads: 5:15.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just as Roger comes into the hallway -- HE SEES the kitchen door closing shut. As he moves toward it -- it starts to BANG against the door jam in bursts of three. Bangbangbang. Bangbangbang. Roger's mind is racing -- what the hell?

The banging stops the minute he gets to the door. The house falls into an awful silence. He opens the kitchen door --

-- looks inside. A night-light cascading from a socket next to the sink, kicks out enough glow to see that no one's in there. A soft breeze coming in through the kitchen window caresses the curtains. His mind settles -- that must've been it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARN - DAY

Roger is pulling out in his big rig. Carolyn is standing outside the house, wrapped in a sweater. She looks soul weary as she watches him drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy's listening to some music as she sits on her bed, doing homework. Her bedroom door opens and her mom pokes her head in.

CAROLYN
How's the homework going?

CINDY
It's going.

CAROLYN
Andrea and I are going to bed.

CINDY
I'll be in, in a little bit.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER.

Just as Cindy finishes her homework, her bedroom door begins to make a soft, repetitive bangbangbang noise -- like something's pushing against it from the other side.

CINDY
(softly)
Mom...?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keeping her eyes on the door, Cindy slides out of bed. Moves toward it as the bangbangbang continues, the soft impact barely rattling the door. She hits the brakes when she sees a shadow of something appear in the gap between the base of the door and the floor.

Cindy digs deep for courage, then continues toward it. She's a foot away and the banging suddenly stops. She waits in silence, listening... that's when --

-- the door slowly opens on its own. Cindy takes a cautionary step backwards, but --

-- nothing's there. She takes reluctant steps up to the door jamb and cranes her head both directions in the hallway for a look. All clear. She sees that her mom's door is open a couple of inches.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two steps into the hallway, Cindy pauses momentarily -- reacting to some sort of foul smell. She then moves forward, and as she's about to step into her mom's room -- she stops mid-stride -- her face goes taut --

-- standing next to the bed is AN APPARITION of a woman; dark matted hair, white white skin -- her body awkwardly hunched forward over Carolyn and Andrea, who are sleeping, completely unaware of her presence.

The Apparition slowly cranes her head toward Cindy. Stares at her with pupil-less, snow-white eyes. She suddenly surges toward Cindy lightning fast, passing right through her body, and vanishes.

Off Cindy's scream --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - FRONT LAWN - HARRISVILLE - DAY

Simple white structure with a steeple. FATHER THORNTON; late 20's, is getting ready to take down letters from a small, glass encased marquee posted into the ground that says: A CHURCH IS A GIFT FROM GOD...ASSEMBLY REQUIRED.

CAROLYN O.C.
Excuse me, Father Thornton?

He looks over to see Carolyn approaching --

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS - RIGHT AFTER

Father Thorton and Carolyn share a table under the shade of a large willow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER THORTON
 -- It sounds to me that it's far beyond just needing a blessing.
 Let me make a call to the Diocese and see if we can get someone out here to help that's a little more qualified in these matters.

Carolyn breathes a slight sigh of relief --

CAROLYN
Thank you --

DISSOLVE TO:

Super - One week later

S.O. OF A PHONE RINGING...

ED (V.O.)
 ...Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Mr. Warren, I have Father Jordan calling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Lorraine is seated at an outdoor table and has a cup of coffee in hand. Ed sits opposite her. Judy is in the background, feeding the chickens in the coup.

LORRAINE
 I just wish you had talked to me.

ED
 I'm sorry, I didn't think it was that big of a deal. Sounds like this family really needs some help.

Lorraine lets her eyes drift to Judy --

LORRAINE
 We were in Maine last week, New York the week before --

Ed looks at her -- he knows her too well.

ED
 C'mon, what's going on?

Lorraine pauses, then --

LORRAINE
 I'm just not sure how much longer I want to do this. There's always going to be another case, Ed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He throws her a somewhat surprised look --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Judy's growing up so fast -- we're
on the road all the time... it was
different when she was younger.

They sit still for a few silent beats, then --

ED
Tell you what, let's check this
one out, then take a break -- see
how you feel after that -- okay?

LORRAINE
...Sure.

Ed rises.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Ed and Lorraine ride in silence along a lonely two-lane stretch of road through rural countryside. The framed picture of Judy now dangles from the rearview mirror.

Their headlights hit a small road sign riddled with buckshot that's posted at a turnoff just ahead: COLLINS TAFT RD.

Ed turns. Heads down a gravel strip of road that winds its way through the trees to a mailbox. They turn in the driveway.

-- Although it's dark and cloudy, scattered moonlight casts an eerie glow over the farmhouse -- we see it's the Perron's.

Lights on inside splinter out through several windows. The Perron's station wagon is out front.

Ed pulls up and parks. As they get out of the car, he goes to the trunk. Pops it open. Lorraine suddenly stops cold -- her smile vanishes. She stands still -- slowly scans over the property; past the house, the woods, the barn -- something's definitely got her attention.

Ed retrieves a handheld tape recorder and note pad out of a box in the trunk and closes it. Goes up to Lorraine --

She shows him her arms -- has GOOSEBUMPS all over them.

ED
I guess we're in the right place.

The two of them head up the walkway. Just as they round a slight turn --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lorraine's pov - WHOOSH! A BLACK LAB leaps right at her, it's TEETH barred as it snarls viciously. Jaws snap. It strains against a chain, which is tethered to a metal post driven into the grass, then --

Resume -

Ed looks to Lorraine --

ED (cont'd)
You're getting something --

LORRAINE
Um-hum.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ed and Lorraine stand at the front door. It opens, revealing Carolyn standing before them.

LORRAINE
Carolyn?

CAROLYN
-- You found it okay?

ED
Yeah, no problem.

The girls join her at the door -- their expressions somber. Soul weary.

CAROLYN
These are my daughters, Cindy and Andrea.

CINDY/ANDREA
...Hi.

CAROLYN
Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - FOYER - SOON AFTER

Lorraine and Ed stand with Carolyn and the girls. We catch them mid-conversation:

CAROLYN
...In the last few nights it's gotten even worse.

ED
...And these apparitions, do any of them have a smell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
The one I saw. It was horrible,
like rotting meat.

Ed glances to Lorraine.

CAROLYN
What? What is it? Please.

ED
It usually indicates some kind of
demonic activity.

An elevated wave of fear washes over Carolyn and the
girls.

CAROLYN
...Ohmygod.

Ed's eyes drift to a couple of door handles that line the
hallway where pieces of rope are dangling off them.

CAROLYN (cont'd)
It keeps them from banging at
night.

ED
Comes in threes -- bang bang bang?

She nods --

ED (cont'd)
It's an insult to the trinity;
father, son & Holy Spirit -- and I
bet it stops at dawn.

Another nod --

ED (cont'd)
God's light.

LORRAINE
Do you have a dog?

CAROLYN
Used to.

LORRAINE
A black lab?

CAROLYN
Yes. Sadie.

LORRAINE
What happened to her?

CAROLYN
The first night we moved in she
wouldn't come in the house -- so
Roger had to tether her out front.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAROLYN (cont'd)
 Andrea found her dead in the
 morning -- she had choked herself
 to death on the chain.

Lorraine notices the cellar door that's been blocked closed with the chair and door-wedge. She starts toward it. Carolyn stays behind.

CAROLYN (cont'd)
 We don't go down there anymore.

ED
 Why?

CAROLYN
 Because there's something in there
 that keeps scratching from the
 other side.

Lorraine gets to the door and pulls the chair and wedge free -- opens the door, revealing --

-- Tons more of the DEEP, VIOLENT SCRATCHES. Lorraine hits the switch on the wall, lighting up the basement.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine heads down the stairs. As she steps off the bottom step -- she's hit with a BOMBARDMENT OF FAST, HARD HITTING IMAGES OF --

-- FIVE DEAD, SKINLESS RABBITS sprawled out across the bottom of a large cage; entrails dangling through the meshing. The leg on one of them twitches.

-- The CEMENT FLOOR flowing with BLOOD.

-- A large, BLOOD-RED PENTAGRAM is plastered like graffiti on a wall.

-- A CLOAKED FIGURE is having sex with a naked, dead woman, her eyes locked wide open. Other cloaked figures, faces hidden within hoods are close by, watching.

-- A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE being pushed into a vein on an arm full of tracts.

-- Shadowed individuals surrounding an UPSIDE DOWN CROSS.

-- The FLASH of a GUN'S MUZZLE illuminating the face of a heavy set woman as she pulls the trigger of a pistol with its barrel pressed up under her chin.

Resume -

Lorraine looks sickened. Ed comes off the stairs and joins her. She shakes her head in disgust at what's happened in this cellar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE
...This is bad, Ed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Ed lags behind as Lorraine follows Carolyn and the girls into the living room. She takes a moment, looking it over.

ED
When did you move in?

CAROLYN
About five months ago.

Lorraine's eyes drift over to the fireplace where she's hit with ANOTHER IMAGE OF --

-- blood dripping off the hearth onto the set of long, narrow knitting needles swallowed in red.

She turns to Carolyn and the girls -

LORRAINE
Do any of you knit?

Carolyn shakes her head -- no.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - RIGHT AFTER

As Carolyn, Andrea and Cindy lead Ed and Lorraine up the stairs --

ANDREA
Tell'em about the birds, mom.

CAROLYN
It's the strangest thing, they fly into the side of the barn -- necks get broken. All kinds of 'em.

Cindy looks back to Lorraine and Ed --

CINDY
And things have been getting moved around a lot. The table in the kitchen was blocking the door this morning.

As Carolyn steps onto the landing --

CAROLYN
And the clocks -- they stop at 5:15 a.m.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE
All of them?

CAROLYN
Um-hum.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ed and Lorraine continue to follow the girls toward the master bedroom. The walls are empty except for several protruding nails from each.

CAROLYN
We used to have family pictures, but something keeps knocking them off the nails, so I just stopped putting them back up.

LORRAINE
And your husband hasn't seen any of this?

Carolyn shakes her head.

CAROLYN
Things only happen when he's gone. He thinks it's all in our heads.

ED
He's not being shown anything on purpose.

Off her look --

ED (cont'd)
It creates friction in the relationship, a negative energy for whatever's here to feed on.

CAROLYN
Well, it's working.

As they pass Andrea's room --

CAROLYN (cont'd)
This is where Andrea had that experience on the bed.

Lorraine pauses for a moment looking in. Notices that none of the pillows have cases on them.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

LORRAINE O.C.
Where was the apparition?

Lorraine and Ed enter, leaving Carolyn and the girls at the doorframe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
On the left side of the bed.

Lorraine walks over to it. Ed moves to a dresser, looks to a framed photo of the girls, then to a framed wedding picture of Roger and Carolyn. There's another photo of Roger kneeling on one knee, posing next to a twelve-point buck he's shot. His rifle rests across his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Ed sits with Carolyn at the kitchen table with his tape recorder between them.

ED
I just want you to start from the beginning.

Carolyn nods. Ed hits the PLAY and RECORD buttons at the same time.

ED (cont'd)
My name's Ed Warren. It's November 1st, 1972. I'm sitting here with Carolyn Perron who, with her family, has been experiencing supernatural occurrences --

He looks to Carolyn.

ED (cont'd)
Okay, go ahead --

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Lorraine is sitting on the sofa with Andrea. She notices that she's bitten her nails down to nothing --

LORRAINE
-- Anything else?

ANDREA
-- Sometimes I hear a baby crying in the fireplace.

Andrea's eyes drift over to the fireplace, which is blackened, and full of ash.

LORRAINE
Do you feel like any one of these things want to hurt you?

ANDREA
Um-hum --

Her eyes meet Lorraine's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA (cont'd)
 ...How do you know when they're around?

LORRAINE
 I get Goose bumps.

ANDREA
 When I get Goose bumps, does that mean they're near me?

LORRAINE
 Maybe -- can you tell me what you've seen?

DISSOLVE INTO:

Lorraine is with Cindy, who has her arms wrapped around her knees, all hunched up on the sofa. She stares off blankly --

CINDY
 -- I don't know what it was. My mom thinks it might be what's been scratching at the cellar door --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy, wrapped in a towel, walks out of the upstairs bathroom. She stops dead in her tracks, staring at the floor, where --

-- backlit by the moon, a tree lays shadows on it through a window at the far end. But it's not the tree branches that disturbs her, it's that --

-- SOMETHING IS SITTING on the branches with crooked arms, taloned claws, and legs sprouted grotesquely from a bulky torso --

She forces herself to look out the window -- but nothing's there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Lorraine walks into the kitchen, where Ed is still interviewing Carolyn. He pauses the tape, looks to her --

LORRAINE
 I'm going to go outside.

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
Almost done.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - SIDE DOOR - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine exits the house.

She pauses on the landing for a moment, looking around -- sees the Scarecrow now standing in the empty garden, worn, weathered -- looking like someone crucified with its arms out.

Her eyes move to the barn, shadowed in the dark like some ill-boding beast. We can see that she's drawn to it.

She steps off the porch. Halfway across the yard, she stops -- as if she senses something -- like she's being watched.

She shifts her gaze just beyond the barn, where a restless breeze has the entire landscape in motion. She lets it go, continues on to the barn.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - NIGHT - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine's about to open the door when she sees --

-- two dead pigeons on the ground, necks broken.

She opens the barn door and looks in. She sees sabers of moonlight pierce in through gaps in the tired, dilapidated wood siding, then --

-- Lorraine's immediately hit with ANOTHER HARD HITTING image of Judson on the ground, his bloody face smashed in.

Resume -

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine steps into the barn and continues several feet in. She stops -- takes in her environment. An old CHEVY PICKUP is parked toward the back next to an elongated work bench. Six abandoned horse stalls are tucked along one side. There's a ladder that leads up to a loft.

As Lorraine turns to leave -- KA-THUMP!

-- A SET OF BARE FEET COME JERKING TO A STOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER FACE -- the toenails are incredibly long. Cracked. Dirty.

Lorraine looks up. Sees a woman dangling from a rafter by a rope -- her neck broken at an odd angle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's in a long grey dress, and has scraggly dark hair framing her face. Her eyes are bulging wide open, and seem to be staring at Lorraine.

ED O.C.

There you are.

Lorraine's eyes shift to Ed standing in the doorway -- she walks toward him, literally passing through the dangling legs as they fade from her psychic vision.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Ed and Lorraine are sitting at the kitchen table. Carolyn refills coffee cups. Lorraine's looking at the melted monkeys on the table before her.

CAROLYN

Do you think she's the same one Cindy saw?

LORRAINE

...I don't know.

ED

When these things invade a home, it's quite possible that something has invited them here, or conjured them up somehow.

LORRAINE

I've asked the girls, but we need to know -- have either you or your husband ever practiced any kind of Satanic worship -- anything of the occult?

Carolyn's appalled at the notion.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

My God, no.

ED

People dabble, think it's kind of fun. Play with a Ouija board, invoke things up in a Seance -- and then can't get rid of them. It happens more often than you know.

LORRAINE

With what I saw in the basement, this house was some sort of satanic shrine at some point.

(beat)

Do you know the history of this farm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN

Just that it was built sometime in
the late 1800's. We bought it
from an auction through a Bank
Trust -- we never knew who the
owners were.

(beat)

I always wanted to live in the
country -- this was supposed to be
someplace safer than the city.

Ed takes a moment, then --

ED

This house obviously has to be
exorcised, but to do that, we need
the church to authorize a Priest
to perform one.

CAROLYN

I'm fine with that.

ED

It's not that easy. We have to
provide proof that what you're
claiming is in fact happening, but
that can be the hard part.

CAROLYN

Why's that?

LORRAINE

Because it doesn't always happen
when we need it to.

CAROLYN

So what happens if we don't get
it?

ED

We don't have the church.

Carolyn deflates.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - RIGHT AFTER

Ed and Lorraine stand at the front door, ready to leave.
Carolyn's with them. Ed, who's holding the clock from
the kitchen, looks at her -- straightforward.

ED

What's your faith?

CAROLYN

... I was raised Methodist, I
guess...

ED

Have your children been Baptized?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
No... we're not really a church
going family.

Ed glances to Lorraine, then --

ED
You may want to rethink that.
Without faith, you have no
protection.

Carolyn's not quite sure where Ed is going with this --

ED (cont'd)
-- Our presence here could make
things worse.

CAROLYN
...Why?

ED
Because we're a threat -- and
whatever you're dealing with here,
isn't going to like it.

Carolyn floods with emotion. It's all too much.
Lorraine pulls her into an embrace.

LORRAINE
This is your house -- and Ed and I
are going to do everything we can
to keep it that way. No one likes
uninvited guests. Okay?

Carolyn wipes away a tear.

ED
We'll talk to the Historian in the
morning and see what we can find
out, but it'll be a few days
before we can get back here. We
have to make sure our tech guy is
available and we also need to get
someone to film everything for us.

Lorraine's attention is drawn to Cindy and Andrea,
looking down at them from the top of the stairs with
scared, worried faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Ed pulls up to the entrance of the Harrisville Motel --
single story, maybe thirty rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine is sitting on the edge of a queen-size bed, the cradle of a dial phone to her ear, listening. She makes eye contact with Ed, who enters from outside, carrying a small suitcase and the cardboard box with the tape recorder and kitchen clock inside.

LORRAINE

Well that's very nice of
grandma... seeing as it's so far
past your bed time and you have
school tomorrow.

Ed grins, places the box and suitcase on a dresser.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Yes honey, daddy's right here.
(listens)
I love you too.

She holds out the phone for Ed, who takes a seat next to her -- mouths "she promised". Ed seems somewhat amused --

ED

Hi pumpkin, what'cha doing up so
late?

While he listens --

ED (cont'd)

Oh, Tennessee Tuxedo was on?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - LATER

CU on Lorraine soaking in the tub filled with bubbles -- her eyes are closed.

Widen. We see that her head is tilted back on Ed's chest, who is soaking with her, stroking her arms. Steam rises.

ED

You seem kinda quiet, you okay?

LORRAINE

It's just hitting close to home.
Andrea reminds me so much of Judy.

ED

I know. We'll get it fixed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Lorraine exits the bathroom, donning a robe. She's towel drying her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doesn't like the look she gets from Ed, who is clad in a pair of pajama bottoms, sitting on the edge of the bed with the tape recorder in his hands.

LORRAINE

What's wrong?

ED

Carolyn's voice didn't record.
Listen.

He hits play -- WE HEAR:

ED (V.O.) (cont'd)
My name's Ed Warren. It's November 1st, 1972. I'm sitting here with Carolyn Perron who, with her family, has been experiencing supernatural occurrences -- okay, go ahead.

A long silence follows --

ED (V.O. (cont'd)
And what happened after that?

Another long silence. Ed clicks it off, looks to Lorraine -- not sure what to make of it.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Cindy is heading up the staircase with a glass of milk in hand when water slowly cascades down from the stairs above her and slowly caresses her feet before moving on down to the next stair. She looks up --

-- eyes go wide. Standing on a stair, several up from her, is a YOUNG BOY (12), soaking wet, dressed in vintage clothing. His skin is stark white and rotting in places, and he has a non-stop flow of water dribbling out his mouth.

Cindy drops the glass -- it shatters. She screams. A second later, a very concerned Carolyn shows up at the top of the stairs. Cindy can barely get the words out --

CINDY

There was a boy standing right there --

She points to where she saw him -- he's gone, but the water is still present and dripping down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A night light flowing out from the open bathroom door casts a light glow over Ed and Lorraine, who are sound asleep in the bed.

O.C. A SOFT CLICK -- then WE HEAR the tape recorder kicking on by itself.

ED (V.O.)
My name's Ed Warren. It's
November first, 1972.

The sound of Ed's voice is LOUD, snapping Ed and Lorraine out of their sleep, unbelieving. Both sets of eyes target the tape recorder sitting on a small table near the foot of their bed.

ED (V.O.)
I'm sitting here with Carolyn Perron who, with her family, has been experiencing supernatural occurrences -- okay, go ahead.

Where as this part of the tape was blank earlier -- it's now filled with an INDISCERNIBLE, HAUNTING WHISPER that sounds female -- it continues, until --

ED (V.O.)
What happened after that?

The tape recorder then suddenly SHUTS OFF --

LORRAINE
Ed, the clock.

He looks where her gaze is locked -- she's staring at the Perron clock next to the recorder. The time on it reads 5:15. They look at it, transfixed. It never moves to: 5:16.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - HARRISVILLE - DAY

Small town. Stores and businesses line both sides of the street. Light traffic.

Ed and Lorraine are driving through. They pass the Catholic church. The marquee in front reads: LET GOD GIVE YOU A GREAT DAY.

Ed continues for another block, then pulls over, coming to a stop in front of MATHEWS DRY GOODS store. It's simple, with two large windows, separated by an entrance. A second story sits above it.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHEWS DRY GOODS STORE - RIGHT AFTER

S.O. of a bell that rings when Ed and Lorraine enter the store. Inside is filled with a potpourri of dry goods.

SHANNON MATHEWS, a woman in her late 30's, and a teenage girl are behind a long counter that stretches from the front of the store to a set of steps leading upstairs in the back. A lava lamp sits next to a register.

Shannon's busy cutting a piece of fabric for a customer when she looks up.

SHANNON
Ed and Lorraine?

They both smile.

ED
Thanks for seeing us.

Shannon looks to the teenage girl next to her --

SHANNON
Maddy, finish cutting this for
Mrs. Doornbos, will ya?

Maddy nods that she will, and although she takes the scissors from Shannon, her eyes never leave Ed and Lorraine -- neither are sure what it's all about.

Shannon looks to Ed and Lorraine --

SHANNON (cont'd)
Why don't you follow me.

She grabs a large coffee mug off the counter and heads to a set of stairs in the back of the store. Ed and Lorraine follow.

SHANNON (cont'd)
You gotta ignore my niece, she
goes to school with the Perron
girls -- she's heard about what's
been happening out there.

INT. STORE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

As they head up --

SHANNON
Before the Perron's bought it,
that place had been empty for as
long as I can remember.
(beat)
Please excuse the mess up here, my
Nana's been the Historian for
almost sixty years, and when she
got Parkinson's, things just sort
of -- well, you can imagine.

INT. MATHEWS DRY GOOD'S - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

They come up off the last stair into a large, disheveled looking room packed with stacks of books, filing cabinets, piles of old newspapers and photos --

SHANNON

I took over the job, but haven't had much time to put into it.

Shannon heads over to a nearby table that stands in the middle of the room, where pictures, maps, journals and other documents are piled in two large boxes.

SHANNON (cont'd)

I pulled everything together for you I could find, but there's some stretches of time missing. I'll keep looking and send you anything else I might find.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carolyn is getting ready for bed. There's a flare in the window from headlights coming down the driveway. She moves to the window and looks out --

-- it's Roger returning in the rig.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Roger looks clearly irritated as he reaches for a bottle of scotch in a cabinet. Carolyn is leaning against the counter, arms folded, trying to stay strong.

ROGER

I can't believe you did this behind my back.

CAROLYN

We have to do something. It's getting worse.

ROGER

I told you I didn't want anymore of this bullshit.

CAROLYN

They said you haven't seen anything because it wants to create "this", this conflict between us.

Roger half laughs to himself as he uncorks the bottle.

ROGER

Of course they did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pours a stiff one.

ROGER (cont'd)
And how much are they charging for
this little investigation?

CAROLYN
Nothing.

She moves over to Roger and takes his hands in hers before he can lift the glass to his mouth --

CAROLYN (cont'd)
I'm scared to death and so are the
girls -- and I hate what it's
doing to us.

She looks at him eye to eye --

CAROLYN (cont'd)
Please Roger. For me -- please.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Ed enters, looking half asleep. Goes to the coffee pot --

LORRAINE O.C.
You're gonna have to make some
more.

Ed looks to an alcove off the kitchen, spotting Lorraine, who has all the info they got from the Historian spread out on a small desk. She's holding a hand written journal.

ED
How long have you been up?

LORRAINE
Since four -- couldn't sleep.

She looks at him -- there's an intensity in her eyes.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
It's no wonder that family is
going through what they are.

TIME CUT TO:

An old, very weathered photograph of the Perron farm house.

Widen - we see that Ed is holding the picture, a pile of others are next to him. He nurses a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 -- That's the original farmhouse.
 It was built in 1863 by Judson
 Sherman, who married Bathsheba
 Bishop when she was nineteen.
 (beat)
 She was a direct descendant of
 Bridget Bishop --

ED
 We know that name --

She pauses --

LORRAINE
 Yeah, she was the first witch hung
 in Salem during the trials.

Ed looks to Lorraine, definitely intrigued.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 After she and Judson were married,
 they had a baby, and when it was
 seven days old, Judson found it
 sacrificed -- in front of the
 fireplace.

Ed can't believe it --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 I'm assuming with knitting
 needles. Apparently -- she ran
 out to the barn, climbed into the
 rafters, proclaimed her love to
 Satan, cursed anyone who tried to
 take her land, then hung herself.

Lorraine slides an old newspaper clipping mounted on
 parchment paper over to Ed, who picks it up.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 That's her.

-- Ed looks at the picture; it's of a woman hanging from
 a rafter -- EXACTLY THE SAME IMAGE AND LIKENESS OF THE
 WOMAN LORRAINE SAW HANGING IN THE BARN STARING DOWN AT
 HER.

ED
 This is the woman you saw?

She nods, then --

LORRAINE
 Ed -- she hung herself at five
 fifteen in the morning.

ED
 That explains a few things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lorraine then slides over an old black and white photograph of an obese woman sitting in a wicker chair, flanked by a boy (wears glasses) and a girl, who both look about ten.

LORRAINE

And that woman I saw in the basement who shot herself -- I think it's this woman who lived there in the thirties -- last name is Walker. She had two children who mysteriously disappeared in the woods -- it's probably why she killed herself. I'm assuming those are them --

ED

Wow --

LORRAINE

And I'm not done. What was the original five hundred acre farm, has been divided, and sold off --

She unfurls an old map next to her. Points to a spot.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

There was a boy who drowned in this pond -- he lived in a house over here.

Her finger slides across the map to another location close by --

LORRAINE (cont'd)

And a hunter who died in the woods -- he lived here.

Again, she indicates --

LORRAINE (cont'd)

There was a school bus accident on this road.

She looks to Ed, more for emphasis than anything else.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

The only children who died, were from families who had homes on the property. Four of them.

ED

(sotto)
...People who took her land.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RHODE ISLAND - TWO LANE ROAD - SUNSET

Ariel pov - of the Warren's Plymouth as it slaloms its way along a country road illuminated by a brilliant sunset.

It turns off onto the Perron's driveway. Parks by the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME

Ed and Lorraine get out of their car with BRUCE LEVY (30). Clean cut, wears khakis. Gym built muscles gives his shirt a tight fit.

They move around the back of their car.

Ed opens the trunk. Inside are four large bags of groceries, a cardboard box, which now holds Ed's tape recorder, the Perron's clock, a bible, a camera case, some note pads, and dozens of film canisters.

Bruce takes a beat, looking around.

BRUCE

Nice place.

Lorraine's attention is drawn to Jerome's VW van turning onto the driveway and heading toward the house.

LORRAINE

Good, Jerome's here.

Jerome drives up right next to them and parks. Climbs out. He's munching on a large cookie. Smiles to them --

JEROME

I forgot how bitchin' Rhode Island is.

He notices Bruce --

LORRAINE

Jerome, this is Bruce Levy.

JEROME

Oh, the cop -- nice to meet you, man.

As they shake hands.

JEROME (cont'd)

I heard you're not much of a believer.

BRUCE

You might say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEROME
You know you can't shoot ghosts,
right?

ED
Easy on him, Jerome. C'mon, let's
get unloaded.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - RIGHT AFTER

A troubled looking Carolyn has the door open as Jerome, Ed and Bruce pile in, each loaded with monitors, VCRs, gauges, and various pieces of camera equipment, etc. Lorraine follows, carrying a box.

Cindy and Andrea are looking down from the landing upstairs.

ED
We'd like to do the main set up in
the living room if that's okay?

CAROLYN
Yes, of course --

ED
This is Jerome, and Officer Levy.

BRUCE
Bruce is fine.

The guys nod hellos and move on just as Roger enters from the kitchen.

CAROLYN
Ed and Lorraine, this is my
husband, Roger.

Even though Ed sees the doubt in Roger's eyes --

ED
I hope we can help you out here.

ROGER
Yeah -- me too.
(to Carolyn)
I'll be in the barn.

Roger heads out front as Ed continues into the living room with Jerome and Bruce.

Lorraine looks to Carolyn -- sincere.

LORRAINE
How are you holding up?

Sees she's not.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine is standing against the counter, listening to Carolyn --

CAROLYN
...Water was just pouring out of his mouth.

LORRAINE
This is good --

Off Carolyn's surprised look --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
We want the activity. It gives us the proof we need.

All Carolyn can do is manage a slow, reluctant nod of approval. Silent tears begin to cascade down her cheeks.

Bruce enters, carrying the bags of groceries, interrupting the moment -- isn't quite sure what to do.

Lorraine nods to the kitchen table, which has two baskets of folded laundry sitting on it.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Why don't you just put them over there.

He does. Leaves. Carolyn looks over to the groceries --

CAROLYN
-- You didn't have to do that.

LORRAINE
Are you kidding me? Jerome will eat you out of house and home, believe me, it's the least we can do.

Carolyn manages a slight smile.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
(re; folded clothing)
Those have to go upstairs?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

The door opens. A column of outside light slides in, barely stretching to the Chevy pickup in the back. Roger comes in. As he reaches for a wall switch --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Camera's pov - over his shoulder toward the truck. We'd swear there was the silhouette of a woman sitting inside, seemingly looking at Roger, but the second the light comes on, it illuminates a vacant interior.

Resume -

Roger heads over to the truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Ed comes out of the house carrying a tripod and a 35mm camera. Heads for the barn. Bruce exits a few beats behind him, un-spooling cable.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - RIGHT AFTER

Roger has a jack positioned toward the front of the pickup and is working one end of a tire wrench to crank it up off the floor. There's a small toolbox next to the jack.

ED O.C.
Nice ride. Fifty-five?

Roger looks back over his shoulder to see Ed coming in.

ROGER
Six.

ED
Two-eighty-three small block?

ROGER
(impressed)
You know trucks.

Roger finishes jacking up the truck. He flips the "safety" lever into the lock position on the jack.

ED
My dad had a side-step with the big back window. Every Saturday, we were working on her.
(beat)
What're you doing?

ROGER
Just repacking the bearings.

Bruce enters, continues un-spooling the cable as he approaches Ed.

ED
Well -- don't mind us, we'll only be a few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
Knock yourself out.

Roger starts to unscrew the lugs.

Ed mounts the camera onto the tripod. Takes the other end of the cable from Bruce and plugs into the side of the camera.

ED
Did Jerome give you the EFD?

BRUCE
If that's what this is --

He extracts a small hand-held meter from his pocket. Hands it to him.

BRUCE (cont'd)
What's it do?

As Ed begins to hook it up --

ED
When there's an energy present, the needle on it will begin to fluctuate, usually between 1.7 and 3 mega-hertz, and that triggers the camera to start shooting.

Roger looks over to him as he pulls the tire off. Sets it down.

ROGER
And you've actually caught things on film?

ED
Well yeah -- that's the point.

Roger, quietly amused, focuses back on the truck. Notices oil dripping from the drain pan. Rolls onto his back and scoots underneath to investigate.

BRUCE
So why are we putting one in here?

ED
This is where the witch committed suicide. Hung herself from the rafter right above us.

As Bruce looks up --

ED (cont'd)
Apparitions will at times manifest near their points of death.

At that very moment -- WHAM! THE PICKUP SUDDENLY DROPS back down to the floor, emanating a harsh, crunching sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ed and Bruce snap a look over to see Roger's legs protruding out toward them from a small 10" gap between the barn floor and side of the truck, created by the now crushed tool box.

They rush over --

ED (cont'd)
Roger...?

SMASH CUT TO:

UNDER THE TRUCK - SAME

CU on Roger's terrorized face pressed slightly against the bottom of the chassis -- another millimeter and it'd be a different story.

ROGER
I'm alright, can you pull me out?

Resume -

Ed and Bruce each take a leg and pull on him. His body slowly emerges. Roger looks to them --

ROGER (cont'd)
Thanks.

He notices the tool box.

ROGER (cont'd)
That was close.

Roger gets to his feet. Picks up the Jack that's fallen over. Looks at it -- the safety lock is now off.

ROGER (cont'd)
Safety must've slipped.

We see by the look on Ed's face that he thinks there's more going on here than that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - CINDY'S ROOM - SAME

Carolyn is putting clothes away in Cindy's drawers from the laundry baskets. Lorraine watches.

CAROLYN
...How could a mother kill her own child?

LORRAINE
It was never a child to her -- she just used her God given gift as the ultimate offense against him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 Witches believe it elevates their
 status in the eyes of Satan.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jerome is munching from a bag of potato chips while sorting through a spaghetti pile of cables that run from SEVEN different VCR's to SEVEN separate MONITORS, each labeled accordingly; basement, upstairs hallway, downstairs hallway, master, living room, barn, and the girl's bedroom.

Cindy is standing next to Jerome, looks somewhat smitten.

Jerome cuts off a slice of tape with a PAIR OF SCISSORS and secures it around one of the cables, holding several loops in place.

CINDY
 (pointing)
 And what's that?

JEROME
 A VCR -- it's a video recording device. They think one of these will be in every house one day --

CINDY
 Really? Why?

JEROME
 To record what's on your TV -- so you can watch it anytime you want.

CINDY
 That'd be so cool.

JEROME
 Pretty far out, isn't it?

She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWAY - SAME

Lorraine and Carolyn descend the stairs, each carrying an empty laundry basket. They stop at the foyer where their attention is drawn to Cindy and Jerome in the living room.

LORRAINE
 Looks like someone might have a crush.

The edge of Carolyn's lips curl into a amused smile --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
He certainly looks like he knows what he's doing.

LORRAINE
Top of his class at MIT.

CAROLYN
And Bruce is a police officer?

LORRAINE
Yes, Ed likes to use them as documentarians -- people trust them.

(beat)
I think it's because Ed's dad was a cop.

ANDREA O.C.
Mom, can you braid my hair?

Carolyn turns to see Andrea on the stairway behind them, holding a hair brush and a tie-off.

CAROLYN
Oh honey, I need to get dinner going --

LORRAINE
I can do that for you -- I do my daughter's all the time.

Lorraine hands her basket to Carolyn, then sits down on the second to last step. Taps the one below her. Andrea takes a seat on it.

Carolyn heads in to the kitchen. Lorraine takes the brush from Andrea, and begins to stroke the young girl's lengthy hair.

ANDREA
What's your daughter's name?

LORRAINE
Judy. She's about your age.

ANDREA
And she likes her hair braided too?

LORRAINE
Um-hum. We braid it every night before she goes to bed.

Cindy walks out of the living room. Takes a seat next to Lorraine -- watching her brush Andrea's hair.

CINDY
(matter-of-fact)
Have you always been able to see things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDREA
 (overly enthusiastic)
 Yeah, have you?

A subtle laugh escapes Lorraine as she gathers the hair in three sections, and begins to braid.

LORRAINE
 Ever since I can remember.

CINDY
 What's the first thing you saw?

LORRAINE
 An aura.

ANDREA
 What's that?

LORRAINE
 It's energy that surrounds your body.

Lorraine looks at both the girls, perusing them slightly.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 You both have beautiful one's, by the way --

The girls smile. The front door swings open. Ed and Bruce enter.

BRUCE
 (to Ed)
 I put the other one at the end of the hallway.

Lorraine sends Ed a smile as they head down the hallway toward another camera and tripod waiting to be set up. He looks a little uneasy with her interacting with the girls. She sends him a confused look -- what? He stops as Roger and Bruce continue down the hall. Waits for her to join him.

LORRAINE
 (to the girls)
 Excuse me one sec.

Lorraine gets to her feet, goes to Ed.

ED
 (whispering)
 What're you doing?

LORRAINE
 (whispering back)
 What do you mean?

ED
 Getting a little close aren't we?

LORRAINE
 I'm braiding hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ED
You know exactly what I'm talking about.

LORRAINE
I'm fine, Ed -- just helping out.

Ed looks like he's not so sure, but lets it go.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Did you guys get all set up in the barn?

ED
Yeah, but we had a little incident out there --

Off her look --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ed enters, carrying an ornate, hand-carved wooden case. He glances to Jerome, who is busy tinkering with a contrast adjustment on a monitor. The other monitors all reveal different parts of the house.

ED
You gettin' there?

JEROME
Still gotta sync the EFD with the cellar and hallway cameras, then good to go -- this little sucker here is being a pain in the ass, though.

Ed smirks. Sets his box on the coffee table. Begins unloading several velvet wrapped crosses, setting them upright.

Ed notices Roger crossing the foyer from the front door --

ED
Find the oil leak?

ROGER
Yeah.

Roger sees the crosses -- looks to Ed curiously.

ROGER (cont'd)
That's a lot of crosses.

ED
We want to stir things up.

Ed takes one of the crosses and sets it up on the mantle above the fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED (cont'd)
 The presence of religious icons
 usually brings on some kind of a
 reaction from anything unholy --
 sort of pisses them off.

He sets another on top of the Grandfather clock.

ROGER
 (half joking)
 Like holding a cross in front of a
 vampire?

ED
 Yeah, exactly, but I don't believe
 in vampires.

Roger's amused, then leaves the room.

Ed moves over to the coffee table where he sets another cross, then --

JEROME O.C.
 ...Ed.

The tone in Jerome's voice turns Ed immediately.

JEROME
 Check it out. Downstairs hallway.

Ed looks to the monitor Jerome has his eyes glued on --
 and see that although the hallway is empty, the cellar
 door is opening slowly.

SMASH CUT TO:

RIGHT AFTER

All the Perrons surround Jerome at the monitors, watching
 Ed, Lorraine and Bruce entering the cellar -- you can
 hear a pin drop. Ed flips on the light.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - STAIRWAY - SAME

Bruce follows Ed and Lorraine down the steep set of steps
 -- camera is rolling. They get to the bottom.

Ed takes a moment, looking around the basement -- glances
 to an EFD he's holding in his hand -- the needle is
 bouncing just between the 1 and the 2.

ED
Something's definitely here.

Ed moves into the basement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED (cont'd)
 Okay (calm, under control)
 you've got our attention.

Silence.

ED (cont'd)
 Give us a sign you want to
 communicate with us.

CUT TO:

Bruce's pov - as he moves the camera about the room --
 not sure what he's looking for. Settles on Ed --

Ed waits for a response. Stillness continues to fill the room.

ED (cont'd)
 Close the door -- move the jars,
 something.

Resume -

Ed glances to his EFD -- the needle is bouncing wildly.

They wait. And wait some more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CELLAR DOOR - LATER

Carolyn, Roger and Jerome stand at the doorway as Bruce, Lorraine and Ed file out of the basement.

Ed looks to Carolyn, reading her disappointment.

ED
 Like I said, it doesn't always
 happen when we want it to.

As Ed turns to close the basement door -- WHAM! It SLAMS SHUT with a BANG right in his face --

Everyone instantly pivots. Bruce looks the most shocked. Carolyn shoots Roger a look, who's not sure what to make out of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The clock on the counter reads 1:33 AM.

Bruce enters. Sees Jerome take a Tupperware container of vegetables from the refrigerator.

JEROME
 You hungry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE
No -- still full.

Bruce moves over to the coffee pot.

JEROME
What do you suppose they did with
the salt?

Bruce sees a salt and pepper shaker next to the coffee pot on the counter.

BRUCE
It's over here.

He hands over the salt shaker --

JEROME
Thanks.

Jerome begins to salt the veggies -- heavily.

JEROME (cont'd)
So I'm curious, what do you think
slammed the door closed like that?

Bruce shrugs --

BRUCE
Had to be a draft.

Jerome seems slightly entertained. Takes a bite of celery.

JEROME
That's funny, drafts never put
that look you had on my face
before.

Bruce glances back to him --

JEROME (cont'd)
That's why I dig the machines,
man. They don't have emotions or
beliefs that get in the way. They
either pick something up, or they
don't.

(beat)
So, if you don't believe, why are
you doing this?

BRUCE
Got a baby coming -- fifty bucks a
day, helps.

JEROME
So you think people just make this
stuff up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE
I remember growing up with the Boogie Man in my closet, but when my parents checked -- they never found anything.

Jerome smirks --

JEROME
You know, just cause you can't see it, doesn't mean it's not there.
(beat)
Have you ever lost anyone close?

BRUCE
...My dad, why?

JEROME
We should have Lorraine see if she can connect with him.

Bruce can't hold back his entertained smile --

BRUCE
What part of "I don't believe", didn't you understand?

Jerome takes another bite.

JEROME
What're you afraid of man, getting busted for being narrow minded?
Appease me -- tell me something without revealing what it is, that only you would know.

Bruce toys with the thought, then --

BRUCE
Okay, I put something in my dad's casket that meant a lot to both of us.

Lorraine enters -- Jerome lights up with a smile.

JEROME
You're timing's perfect.

LORRAINE
Why's that?

Lorraine heads over to the refrigerator. Opens it.

JEROME
We're conducting a little experiment. Officer Naysayer here put something in his dad's casket -- can you tell him what it is?

She grabs a Tab from a shelf, then looks to Bruce for his approval. He appears skeptical, but smiles anyway --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRUCE
Sure, why not.

Lorraine walks over to him. Sets her soda on the counter.

LORRAINE
Give me your hands.

She takes them, then closes her eyes. Bruce seems a little uncomfortable.

After a long moment --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
It's a baseball -- has something written on it, all I can make out are a J and a R.

Lorraine opens her eyes, releases Bruce's hands.

JEROME
...So?

He shrugs.

BRUCE
...That wasn't it.

She looks at him somewhat surprised -- really?

LORRAINE
Oh well, must be tuning into something else then --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lorraine is seated next to Carolyn in front of the monitors, who's watching Andrea and Cindy curled asleep on Cindy's bed.

CAROLYN
I think you guys being here makes them feel safe.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Shards of morning light pierce through the windows, warming up the room with golden light.

Angle - the Grandfather clock kicks past 5:15 to 5:16 am.

Widen - to reveal Ed, Lorraine, Bruce and Jerome, all keeping their eyes on different clocks. Not one of them have stopped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
Alright -- let's call it.

DISSOLVE TO:

Super - Day Two

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ed and Lorraine drive up and park next to the house. The Perron's station wagon is gone. They get out. Lorraine heads to the house. Ed heads to the barn.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME

Lorraine knocks on the front door, but there's no response. She waits a second longer, then decides to go in anyway. She opens the front door. Even though all the lights are all off, and it's somewhat dark inside, she sees --

-- Carolyn, now wearing her hair down, coming up out of the CELLAR DOOR at the end of the hall, then walk into the kitchen -- oblivious to Lorraine's presence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine stands at the open door. Carolyn is at the counter with her back to her.

LORRAINE
Carolyn...

Carolyn slowly turns to her -- it seems to take her a second to register it's Lorraine.

CAROLYN
...You're early.

LORRAINE
I can't believe you went into the cellar.

CAROLYN
(simply)
I wanted to get some soup going.
Needed some beets.

Lorraine finds it odd, but lets it go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PERRON STATION WAGON - PERRON DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Roger drives up to the house, has the girls with him. His headlights drag over the Warren's parked car.

He pulls to a stop. As he and the kids get out, he notices the barn door is open. Light on. He heads for it as the girls continue to the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - RIGHT AFTER

Roger walks in to find Ed working on the pickup. The front's been jacked back up. There are two pieces of firewood lodged under the front axle for extra stability. He's up to his elbows in grease as he packs the bearings.

ED
I noticed you didn't finish the
bearings. Hope you don't mind --
just looking for something to do.

ROGER
Not at all.

ED
Got anymore more grease?

ROGER
Yeah.

Roger walks over to the work bench. Opens a cabinet above it and grabs a can from a shelf. Pops it open as he heads over to Ed and hands it to him.

ED
Thanks.

Roger grabs a nearby wooden crate. Takes a seat on it. Watches Ed work.

ROGER
Carolyn told me you going to be a
priest --

Ed ponders for a moment -- does he want to share this?

ED
That was the plan -- but when I
got to my Ordination, I started
having my doubts, and realized I
wasn't going to be good enough, I
don't have the strength they need.
So I gave it up.

Roger takes a beat.

ROGER
I could scratch my head 'til I'm
bald and never figure out why you
do what you do --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
Remember as a kid being afraid to
hang your hand off the edge of
your bed because you thought
something underneath was going to
grab it?

Roger nods somewhat skeptically.

ED (cont'd)
Well... mine got grabbed.

As Ed throws more grease on the bearings --

ED (cont'd)
Something yanked me to the floor.
It was too dark to see under the
bed, but I ran my ass out of that
room as fast as I could. My dad
didn't believe me, so he dragged
me back in there and told me I had
to face my fears. I buried myself
under the covers, scared to death
cause I could still hear it under
my bed. Then I remembered what a
nun had told me in catechism, "God
will be there for all who need.
He is your protector." So I
grabbed my Davy Crockett knife
from my nightstand and got off the
bed and told whatever was under
there that God was going to kick
its ass if it didn't leave. I
just kept saying it over and over -
- and it finally went away. Never
came back.

Ed looks back to Roger --

ED (cont'd)
It was the best thing my dad ever
did for me. I put my faith in God
every day after that, and have
been checking under beds ever
since.

Ed finishes packing the bearings. Caps it.

O.C. They hear the crunch of gravel under car tires.
Roger looks out the barn to see Jerome and Bruce pulling
up in Jerome's van.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Bruce enters, carrying a coffee mug. Yawns. A CLOCK ON
THE COUNTER reads: 3:10 AM. He sets the mug on the
counter next to a coffee pot, pours himself another cup.

Goes to the fridge, and takes out a milk carton from the
top shelf, closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sets it next to his coffee cup on the counter, then turns to a shelf above the sink for the sugar. As he's reaching for it --

A LOUD BANG echoes as the fridge door is SLAMMED SHUT. Bruce spins -- looks to it, startled and confused as he's the only one in the kitchen, then --

-- he sees that the milk carton is no longer next to his coffee cup.

A DRIPPING NOISE draws his attention back to the fridge, where milk is now seeping out of it onto the floor.

Bruce slowly moves over to it. Hesitates a beat, then opens the fridge. The milk carton is back on the top shelf, but it's been SMASHED completely flat, its contents spilling down the interior.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Bruce enters. Looks to Ed, Lorraine, Carolyn and Roger, who are seated on the sofas -- his demeanor, as well as the look on his face, drawing their attention -- Jerome looks over from the monitors.

BRUCE
There's a -- um, something going on in the kitchen. The milk carton moved.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Bruce follows Lorraine, Ed and Jerome into the kitchen. Looks to the fridge -- no milk is dripping. In fact, there's not even any milk on the floor.

Bruce whips a glance to the counter, and there sitting next to Bruce's coffee mug, is the carton of milk, right where he set it the first time.

BRUCE
I swear, the carton wasn't there, it was back in the fridge, and smashed, milk was everywhere.

JEROME
(entertained)
Probably just a draft -- I love moments like this.

BRUCE
Alright, I get it.

As Lorraine follows Ed and Jerome out of the kitchen, Bruce lays a gentle hand on her shoulder, stopping her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (cont'd)
Can I talk to you for a sec?

She turns.

LORRAINE
Sure.

The others continue out. Bruce takes a beat, then --

BRUCE
You were right earlier about the baseball. The J and R were for Jackie Robinson. When I was ten, my dad took me to the World Series, Yankees and Dodgers -- two dollar seats, left field. Jackie Robinson hit the winning home run, and my dad caught it -- handed it right to me -- best day of my life.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

CU on the EFD METER on the camera tripod in the hallway. The needle begins to bounce past 1.7 Megahertz -- then SLAMS to the outer edge of the range to 10.

The camera begins to FLASH repeatedly, the CLICK CLICK CLICK sound of the motor drive blending with the popping of the FLASH.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

The SUDDEN FLASHES from the hallway pulls Lorraine and Bruce's attention back out the kitchen door --

Lorraine quickly moves out into the hallway to see --

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- Another FLASH popping from the camera set up in the hall. Ed and Jerome, who have stopped at the bottom of the stairs, have their eyes glued on it as well.

-- A second later, the CAMERA positioned at the top of the stairs starts flashing.

ED
It's moving upstairs.

Ed moves quickly into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where he joins Carolyn and Roger, who have their eyes glued to the MONITOR as the camera keeps strobing through the dark hallway. Lorraine, Bruce and Jerome come up right behind him --

CAROLYN

Oh my God.

They look to the monitor showing Cindy's room. As she and Andrea sleep peacefully, THEIR BREATHS are FREEZING ON EXHALE.

JEROME

That's gotta be one of the fastest temp drops I've ever seen.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - SAME

The CAMERA IN THE CLOSET starts FLASHING, strobing the room with bursting with white light. The girls start to stir.

Intercut -

It's really hard for Roger to stay still --

Cindy's eyes pop open -- she sits up. Freaks as the intermittent light gives her staccato glances of something staring in at her through the window --

-- it's the beast she saw before as a shadow. She SCREAMS!

Andrea bolts upright in fear, then --

THE LOUD, ECHOING SOUND OF A SLIDE-BOLT CLOSING OVER AND OVER, joins the mayhem -- it's coming from the closet.

Roger can't stand it -- takes off out of the room --

The SLIDE BOLT NOISE suddenly stops -- along with the FLASHES, casting the room back into darkness.

The girls dash out the bedroom door into the hallway just as Roger gets there, both folding into his arms.

The CAMERA at the end of the hallway STROBES A FLASH -- the girls scream again, fearful of what they can't see.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - SAME

Ed is heading up as the camera at the top, pops off another FLASH. A second later --

-- the CAMERA in the downstairs hallway FLASHES, drawing Ed's attention back down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He waits for more flashes, but nothing happens. Lorraine steps out of the living room and looks up to him --

ED
Whatever it is, it came back down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roger is holding Andrea in his arms, sitting on the edge of the bed, while Carolyn is latched onto Cindy, cuddled on the other side. He looks to her --

ROGER
Hey...

Her eyes meet his. He tries to say something, but can't find the words --

CAROLYN
...It's okay.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - CLOSET - RIGHT AFTER

Bruce is filming Jerome, who is holding an EFD out front of him as he slowly moves about the closet. He pushes clothing aside to get closer to the wall behind. Ed is at the entrance, unloading film from the camera on the tripod. Lorraine watches.

Jerome pulls the EFD away from the wall --

JEROME
I'm not getting anything.

Roger joins the group.

LORRAINE
How are the girls?

ROGER
Better.

Ed looks to Roger.

ED
They said that bolting noise definitely came from in here?

ROGER
...Yeah.

ED
Is there anything behind this wall?

Ed knuckle taps the panel --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
No idea.

ED
Do you mind if we take a look?

ROGER
I don't care what the hell you do
to it.

CUT TO:

SOON AFTER

Tight on a section of wood paneling being pried back off
the wall with a hammer.

Widen -- to see Ed sliding the hammer up and down along a
panel's seam to loosen it. He finally pulls it back off
the wall --

Lorraine is the first to see --

-- A SMALL 2' x 2' TRAP DOOR framed within another wall
that latches from the outside via a SLIDE BOLT --

-- A WOMAN'S VERY OBESE HAND, fingers like sausages,
aggressively SLAMS it CLOSED, then SLIDES A LATCH across
to lock it.

Resume -

Lorraine and the others are looking at the trap door.

Ed kneels down. Undoes the latch. Slowly opens the
door. It's too dark to see anything beyond.

ED
Can someone get me a flashlight --

ROGER
Yeah, there's one in our room.

Roger disappears for a moment. Lorraine puts her hand on
Ed's shoulder --

LORRAINE
Let me go in.

Lorraine gets on her hands and knees as Roger comes back
with a small flashlight. Hands it to her. She thumbs
the switch. Shines it into the open door --

-- the light stretches into what looks like a narrow
crawl space framed in wood.

Lorraine slips half her body inside, keeping the light
shining ahead.

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine can barely make it out, but sees that the crawl space seems to open up.

LORRAINE
Looks like there's some sort of room.

Her flashlight suddenly dies -- casting her into total darkness. She palms it a couple of times -- gets the beam to shine again.

As she points the light down the crawl-space ahead --

-- A YOUNG BOY AND GIRL, full of angst and panic, scramble toward Lorraine, PASSING RIGHT THROUGH her body -- it's the two she saw in the photograph earlier.

Resume -

Lorraine is slightly startled, but continues into the room ahead.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine slowly stands, her flashlight quartering the darkness. Cobwebs everywhere reflect off the light. It falls upon a makeshift bed with an old, dust covered blanket, which has SLINKY TOY sitting on it. Lorraine picks it up -- sees a wooden box next to the bed with other toys in it.

She lets her light wander, discovering that every wall is completely covered with THE SAME PHRASE scrawled in crayon, over and over. She moves closer. Sees what it says; I'M SORRY MOMMY. I'M SORRY MOMMY. I'M SORRY MOMMY. I'M SORRY MOMMY...

Lorraine stops -- senses something. She slowly moves the light off the wall and angles it to her forearm -- IT'S COVERED IN GOOSEBUMPS. And for a second, her heart skips a beat -- there's something else she sees --

-- the light cascading past her forearm down to the floor illuminates BATHSHEBA'S DIRTY, CRUSTED BARE FEET, straddling her own -- from behind. Before Lorraine can turn around --

-- she is aggressively shoved into the wall. The movement jars the flashlight and slinky from her grasp and drops to the floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - SAME

Ed reacts the noise and immediately heads into the crawl space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
Lorraine...?

INT. SMALL ROOM - SAME

Lorraine is reaching for the flashlight on the floor just as Ed crawls in.

LORRAINE
I'm alright.
(beat)
It was her, Ed.

She looks hard to him -- definitely impacted.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
I've never felt anything so dark.
(beat)
We have to get her out of this house --

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - RIGHT AFTER

As Ed and Lorraine come out, Ed looks to Jerome, direct --

ED
Grab the cameras -- I want to see what we got.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATER

Ed and Jerome's movements are fast and precise as they are busy converting the bathroom into a small darkroom; a photo enlarger is on the counter with three solution trays lined up next to it. A small rope has been strung up along a shower rod. As Jerome pours developer into one of the trays, Ed finishes screwing in a light bulb and flips the wall switch, washing the room deep in crimson.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine is sitting before the monitors, her eyes on the one revealing the master bedroom, where Roger is cuddling Andrea on the bed, who is sound asleep. Carolyn is next to him, doing the same with Cindy, who is also asleep.

Chirping crickets and croaking frogs drift in through an open window next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- A loud THUD pulls her attention outside to where she sees something flopping on the ground by the barn, dust rising -- as if there were some sort of struggle.

Bruce walks into the room carrying a cup of steaming coffee.

LORRAINE

Keep your eyes on the monitors for me, will you. I'll be right back.

Lorraine heads out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine moves toward the flopping movement, which seems to be slowing with each step she takes. As she gets to it, the flopping stops. Sees it's an enormous barn owl -- neck broken, eyes wide open. Dead. A compassionate look sweeps over Lorraine's face, until she hears --

-- A DISTANT BLEND OF VOICES; pained, fearful, full of anxiety. She follows them to the back of the barn, where through a thick wall of trees and shrubs, she can barely make out an old, beaten pathway that threads through. She heads in.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROWTH - RIGHT AFTER

The VOICES begin to grow in volume as Lorraine walks deeper into the growth, fighting her way through overgrown branches, following what's left of the pathway.

She comes out into a small clearing to see where the voices are coming from.

Before her, surrounded by a crumbling stone wall and completely overgrown with weeds, is an OLD CEMETERY with maybe forty tombstones within; some broken, some toppled, some incredibly worn. The voices seem to be coming from somewhere on the other side.

She moves into it. A wind begins to tumble pieces of foliage across the ground, then one tombstone catches her attention -- the name reads: Bathsheba Sherman. She moves up to it as the voices get louder and louder -- it's almost deafening, then --

-- THE VOICES INSTANTLY STOP, and things fall into an awful silence. It becomes unnerving as Lorraine senses something, a presence -- very close.

She scans the surrounding trees, but everything beyond is swallowed in the shadows of the night -- she keeps staring, knowing something is just beyond. After a moment --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lorraine turns around to Bathsheba Sherman's grave. Sees something protruding slightly from the ground before it -- it's a child's hand, half covered with dirt and leaves; the skin is white, nails chipped -- full of grime. More leaves blow away, revealing more of a body barely buried.

Lorraine inches closer -- it's a young girl -- matted hair clings to the porcelain white skin on the side of her face. The head is turned sideways. As Lorraine moves around to get a better view --

She looks to the little girl's face -- blanches, it's her daughter, Judy.

Then, the exposed white skin begins to grey, and continues to darken and becomes ash-like -- the breeze blowing every part of her away.

Panic invades Lorraine's body as a slow realization overwhelms her. She takes off running back the way she came.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PATHWAY - NIGHT

Trees branches claw at Lorraine's clothes as she retraces her steps on a wild scramble to get back. She can see the barn up ahead. She blows out the overgrowth and continues her sprint past the barn and to the house --

-- barely slows to whip open the front door.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As Lorraine dashes into the house and heads to the kitchen, Bruce looks at her from the living room, confused by her frenzy of motion.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine comes running into the kitchen. She's out of breath. Immediately goes to the phone on the wall. Quickly dials. Ed walks in, curious to what's going on. He's about to say something when she raises her hand to give her a second.

LORRAINE
(into phone)
Mom, it's Lorraine. Is Judy okay?
(listens)
Can you go check on her, please.
(listens; irritated)
Damnit! Just check -- please.

Lorraine looks to Ed -- tears in her eyes. Keeps the phone to her ear --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
Are you going to tell me what's
going on?

LORRAINE
It was Judy.

ED
What do you mean?

LORRAINE
I saw her, out there -- she was
dead --

A VOICE comes back on the phone --

Lorraine breathes a sigh of relief.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
(listens)
Thank you -- I didn't mean to
scare you like that.
(listens)
I'll explain later, okay.
Goodnight.

Lorraine slowly hangs up.

ED
What the hell happened to you?

Lorraine looks to him, troubled. Tears cascading --

LORRAINE
I saw Judy dead in a cemetery. It
was some kind of warning, I know
it. There are spirits trapped
there, I could hear them. She's
dominating both worlds.

ED
You've got to stop.

LORRAINE
(snaps)
Stop what?

He takes her by the shoulders --

ED
This -- you know better. I warned
you.

LORRAINE
I thought something had happened
to her.

ED
C'mere...

He pulls her into an embrace -- gentle, sympathetic.
Whispers --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED (cont'd)
You just can't give this thing any
more strength than it already has.

Lorraine takes a beat -- the realization setting in. She gives the slightest of nods, knowing he's right.

Roger pokes his head into the kitchen -- Andrea, who's half asleep, is in his arms.

ROGER
You okay?

Ed looks to Lorraine, then addresses Roger --

ED
Yeah.
(beat)
You?

ROGER
She woke up and was a little
scared --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

CU on a pair of tongs holding onto a sheet of photo paper as it's dipped in a tray of developer. As a photo begins to emerge of the stairway --

Widen -- to see Ed holding the tongs. Jerome's busy taking an already developed photo out of the wash tray, and clipping it onto a small rope tied to the shower rod. Both are focused.

Something in Ed's picture draws his attention in for a closer look --

-- A FIGURE begins to materialize on the staircase.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Ed hurries in. Sees that Andrea is asleep, curled up on the sofa next to Roger, who is stroking her hair. Lorraine is seated close by. Bruce has crashed in the chair by the monitors. Lorraine and Roger look to Ed --

ED
(whispering)
You've got to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Ed, Lorraine, Carolyn and Roger are standing at the table, looking at a photograph -- Jerome stands aside, holding two more photos in his hand.

LORRAINE
He's the boy I saw in the hidden room.

Angle on the photo - although grainy and transparent, it's definitely the same boy with glasses Lorraine saw, but he's at the top of the stairs, heading down.

JEROME
Now check this out.

He drops a second picture. Although it's the same angle, the boy is now five steps further down the stairs. He's got a terrified look on his face as he's looking back up over his shoulder at something at the top of the stairs.

ROGER
What's he looking at?

JEROME
This --

Jerome drops the third photo from his hand onto the table before them. The image of the boy is gone, but at the top of the stairs is the dark presence of Bathsheba Sherman -- although grainy and transparent as well, her image is a lot more defined, and what stands out more than anything are --

-- her pupil-less, snow white eyes.

LORRAINE
It's her.

Roger and Carolyn's eyes are wide, transfixed.

ROGER
...Why would he be frightened of her? He's dead.

LORRAINE
From our perspective, yes. But from that child's, she's as real to him as you are to me.
(beat)
She may have died a witch, but she's come back with a strength only Satan can give her --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

CU on the mantle where the cross Ed set up, topples with a soft "clink".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Widen -- A SECOND CROSS set on top of the Grandfather clock, falls onto a rug below with a muffled thud.

A THIRD CROSS on the coffee table joins suit. The noise stirs Bruce, then --

ANDREA O.C.
(soft, sleepy)
Cindy, stop it.

His eyes shift to over to her. Although she's semi-asleep, she thinks someone's messing with the back of her hair.

Bruce watches in total shock as the back of Andrea's hair seems to rise up on its own.

He slowly grabs his camera to document it.

CUT TO:

Camera's pov - as a groggy Andrea reaches behind and irritatingly swats at something that's not there. Her long hair continues to rise --

ANDREA
I said to stop it.

This time, she opens her eyes and sees that no one's doing it, but --

-- Her hair SNAPS TAUT and she's aggressively yanked off the chair and onto the floor. She screams as she begins to get wildly snaked all over the floor --

Although Bruce drops the camera to its side -- it keeps rolling, giving us a side view of Bruce moving over to Andrea and grabbing onto her.

Resume -

Whatever has hold of Andrea's hair, is strong enough to keep moving them both as Bruce tries to protect her, enveloping the young girl with his large body, tumbling this way, then that way, when --

-- the two of them are slammed into the coffee table where Bruce takes most of the impact -- pieces of wood go flying.

Ed and Lorraine come running in -- Ed joins the fight, struggling to hold Bruce/Andrea in one place -- it isn't working.

The fight continues -- Andrea is wild-eyed, screaming hysterically -- her hair stretched to its limit.

Roger comes racing in, then Carolyn, who seems less disturbed --

ROGER
Ohmygod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bruce and Andrea hit the corner of the sofa, which pushes it four feet across the wood floor -- then they're immediately dragged once again --

Roger attempts to latch on to them -- the strain on Andrea's hair looks like it's going to be pulled out of her scalp, until --

WHOOSH! A PAIR OF SCISSORS slices right through it, releasing all tension.

The struggle instantly stops. Standing over Bruce and Andrea is Lorraine, Jerome's scissors in hand.

Roger immediately pulls Andrea into his arms.

Ed looks to a very distraught Bruce, whose face is bloody from a wound on his forehead.

ED

You okay?

BRUCE

I'll take a guy with a gun any day.

Ed sees the light on the camera --

ED

Did you get any of it?

Bruce nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - FRONT - SUNRISE

Ed and Roger approach the back of the Perron's station wagon, each carrying two small suitcases. The first rays of morning light pierce the horizon.

ED

We're going to get the footage developed and bring it over to the church right away -- this house needs to be exorcised as soon as possible.

Roger opens the back of the car --

ROGER

I'll get you paid back for the hotel.

ED

Let's not worry about that right now.

We see the gratitude runs deep for Roger as he places the suitcases inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER
When do you think you can get
someone out here?

ED
It should only take a couple of
days.
(beat)
But listen to me --

Roger looks to him --

ED (cont'd)
-- Under no circumstances does
anyone come back here until we say
so.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON HOUSE - BASE OF STAIRS - SAME

Lorraine comes out of the living room. Bruce and Jerome are in the background, breaking down the equipment.

She approaches Andrea, who is sitting in Cindy's lap on the bottom step -- the trauma still apparent on her face. It's hard for Lorraine to see this little girl like this.

LORRAINE
It's going to be okay -- nothing's
going to hurt you again. I
promise.

Andrea stands and gives Lorraine an unexpected embrace. It lingers. Lorraine is first to unlock from the hug, but Andrea still clings for a few seconds longer, then lets her go. Looks to Cindy --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Is your mom upstairs?

CINDY
No, she's in the kitchen.

Lorraine walks to the kitchen doorway -- peers in. It's empty. She notices that the back door is open.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - BACK PORCH - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine heads outside. She catches a glimpse of Carolyn heading into the woods behind the barn.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine makes her way through the woods, literally retracing her steps from before. As she approaches the clearing, she can see --

-- Carolyn sitting on the wall of the cemetery with her back to her. Light pierces down through the thick canopy above.

LORRAINE

Carolyn...?

Carolyn doesn't turn around. Lorraine slowly approaches.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Are you okay?

As Lorraine nears, it's hard to tell if it's the afternoon light and shadows are playing tricks with her eyes, but it looks like, from the side view, there's something off about Carolyn's face -- it almost looks like another woman's --

Carolyn slowly swivels her head to Lorraine -- which seems normal now, but there's a distance in her eyes.

CAROLYN

Yes...?

LORRAINE

What're you doing here?

Lorraine notices that Carolyn is holding the SLINKY she saw in the hidden room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - RIGHT AFTER

Ed and Lorraine drive along a country road.

LORRAINE

She said she just wanted to see it. And she was holding the slinky I saw in that room.

(beat)

As far as I'm concerned, the church can't get there fast enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

High camera angle - drops down onto the Warren's Plymouth as they drive across Bunker Hill Bridge and into downtown Boston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Camera keeps dropping down. We're close enough to see the Plymouth pull curbside to:

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Ed parks in front of a very large, impressive stone structure with peaked roofs and stained glass. As Ed and Lorraine get out of the car, THEY HEAR the soft, angelic singing voice of a young boy emanating from the open front doors of the church.

They head up the stone steps to the open doors. The singing continues.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - RIGHT AFTER

Ed and Lorraine enter. They are dwarfed by its massive size. The center aisle splits through numerous rows of pews. Up front, a choir director stands off to the side during a rehearsal, as a young boy sings his heart out. An all boys choir stand silent behind them.

Ed dips his fingertips into a bowl sculpted from marble, full of Holy water. Says a silent prayer, then crosses himself. Lorraine follows suit.

The two of them are approached by Father Jordon. Greets them with a warm smile.

FATHER JORDON
Let's see what you've got.

DISSOLVE TO:

Camera's skewed pov of - THE LAST FEW SECONDS WITH BRUCE AND ANDREA thrashing about the floor, just as she gets her hair cut by Roger.

Wide to see, we're --

INT. CHURCH - FATHER JORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ed and Lorraine are sitting down with Father Jordon. Thick curtains are pulled across a paned window. Father Jordon turns off a projector next to him that's been throwing the sequence onto a screen set up against a wall. We see Ed's tape recorder on the table as well.

Ed and Lorraine look to Father Jordon for his response. He seems a little stunned.

FATHER JORDON
You weren't kidding -- I'll get this to the Archbishop right away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Ed and Lorraine exit their car. Judy comes out the front door and Lorraine runs to her, swooping her up in her arms. Ed's mom is in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX DAYS LATER

INT. DINER - DAY

Lunch crowd. Don McLean's "American Pie" plays in the b.g. as Cindy and Andrea are sitting on bar stools at a linoleum counter, picking through lunch.

Out of ear shot, and seated at a booth opposite the counter, is Roger. He's with Ed and Lorraine, and looks stressed out.

ROGER

But you said it'd only take a couple of days.

ED

We don't know why it's taking so long. Father Jordon says that the Vatican keeps telling him to be patient, but I'm driving to New York tomorrow to see if Father Langston can find out what's going on. He's a high level Cardinal we've worked with before -- and knows the Archbishop pretty well.

ROGER

I'm just so worried about Carolyn. I think all the stress has been too much. She's not herself at all -- hasn't showered, doesn't wear makeup, is barely sleeping. And she just disappears for hours at a time.

Off their look --

CUT TO:

INT. MATHEWS DRY GOOD'S - DAY

A set of knitting needles are placed on a counter.

Widen - we see it's a very unkept Carolyn who has placed them there to purchase. Shannon's niece, Maddy, is at the cash register, a little uneasy.

MADDY

Do you need any yarn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carolyn shakes her head no.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NEW YORK CITY - NEXT DAY

A massively impressive structure of stone, stained glass and towering cathedrals.

Ed is in a phone booth on the corner, the phone pressed to his ear --

ED

Father Langston called the Vatican directly and they told him it *had* been presented by the Archbishop, but there's some issues.

LORRAINE (V.O.)

Issues -- what's that supposed to mean?

ED

He didn't know, they wouldn't elaborate.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Lorraine's sitting at the desk.

LORRAINE

What're we going to do?

ED (V.O.)

I don't know -- I'm going to hit the road, it's going to be midnight before I get home as it is.

LORRAINE

Alright, be safe. Love you.

ED (V.O.)

Love you, too.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The phone rings. Lorraine enters the kitchen and answers it.

LORRAINE

Hello?

(listens)

Hey Jerome --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O.C. The doorbell rings.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 (calling out)
 Honey, I'm on the phone, can you
 see who that is?

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

Judy comes down the stairs.

JUDY
 Okay, mom.

She continues to the front door. Opens it to see a UPS DELIVERY MAN standing before in a crisp brown uniform. Holds an over-sized manila envelope.

JUDY (cont'd)
 Hi.

UPS
 Well hi back. Would you be part
 of the Warren family?

JUDY
 Yep.

UPS
 Well then, here you go.

He hands her a large manila envelope.

UPS (cont'd)
 Have a nice day.

JUDY
 Thanks!

He leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Judy walks in -- Lorraine's still on the phone.

LORRAINE
 -- Ed's about to lose his mind.

Lorraine looks to her -- sees the envelope and reads the return address: it's from Shannon in Harrisville. She motions for Judy to put it on the desk, which she does.

Judy grabs a small basket off the kitchen counter. Looks to her mom --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY
 (whispers)
 I'm gonna go get some eggs, 'kay?

Lorraine covers the mouthpiece.

JUDY (cont'd)
 That's fine, honey.

Judy heads out the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Judy makes her way to the chicken coop. Calls out --

JUDY
 Gertrude, Henrietta, Lolly...

AT THE COOP

Judy opens the coop door. Steps in. She's surprised to see that there aren't any chickens outside the hen house, but --

Something in the dirt at her feet catches her attention. She takes a closer look --

-- It's the SLINKY from the Perron house, half in and out of the dirt. She picks it up. Examines, then puts it in her basket as she heads to the henhouse door.

JUDY
 Gertrude, where are you?

More silence. Judy unlatches the door. Swings it open. She steps in.

INT. HENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Judy's eyes slowly adjust to the minimal light, unbeknownst to her, the HENHOUSE DOOR slowly closes behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Lorraine watches Judy out through the window.

LORRAINE
 We'll let you know when we find
 out anything.
 (beat)
 Say hi to your mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as she hangs up -- an ear curdling SCREAM from Judy ERUPTS FROM THE HENHOUSE.

Lorraine's body goes tight, then she kicks it into high and races out of the kitchen to the backyard.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine is moving fast as her legs will carry her to the chicken coop.

LORRAINE

Judy!

No answer -- and it's killing her.

AT THE CHICKEN COUPE

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Judy?

Lorraine barely slows down to open the outer door and move inside the coop.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Honey, answer me.

She sprints to the henhouse door and tries to open it, but it won't budge -- she gives it everything she's got, pulling as hard as she can, then -- it finally whips open. Lorraine races in --

INT. HENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Sees Judy on her knees, facing the opposite direction. She turns to her mom, tears rolling down her cheeks. Has one of the chickens in her lap -- it's not moving.

JUDY

Gertrude's dead, mom. They all are.

Lorraine looks past her daughter -- dead chickens are everywhere -- all their necks broken at obscured angles.

Lorraine sees the slinky in the basket next to her daughter. Dread begins to set in for Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Where'd you get that?

Through her tears, Judy follows her mom's sight to the basket.

JUDY

It was on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Lorraine walks Judy in. Dumps the slinky in the trash can.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine and Judy, who's now wearing pajamas, sit on the edge of a four posted, chiffon-canopied bed as Lorraine finishes braiding Judy's hair. She has calmed down significantly.

JUDY
Did you call daddy and tell him?

LORRAINE
He's on the road honey, I'll tell him when he gets home.

TIME CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

A shaft of moonlight piercing through a window, stretches across Lorraine's face in bed. Lorraine's EYES SUDDENLY POP OPEN, startled. She looks to Judy, who's talking in her sleep, saying:

JUDY
I'm sorry mommy, I'm sorry mommy.

The words chill her to the bone. She gives Judy a slight nudge --

LORRAINE
Judy.

Judy doesn't awaken, continues --

JUDY
I'm sorry mommy, I'm --

LORRAINE
Honey --

She shakes her harder. Judy's words fade as she rolls over, sound asleep.

Lorraine slowly sits up, digesting the current event. She gasps --

-- someone is standing in the far corner of the room.

-- it looks like Bathsheba Sherman staring right at her, but --

-- it's not a ghostly image -- IT LOOKS REAL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keeping her eyes on the corner, Lorraine reaches her hand over to turn on the lamp. Flips the switch -- illuminating the corner, where --

-- there is no woman. Only a narrow corner cabinet. Lorraine lets out a sigh --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Get a grip, Lorraine.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Lorraine, now wearing pajamas, finishes washing her face, then exits, turning the light off.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She walks over to the bed where Judy is sound asleep. Crawls under the covers. As she reaches to turn off the light -- her blood pressure races north -- the SLINKY she threw away is right there.

The four posts on her bed begin CREAKING -- she slowly looks up --

-- stretched out upon the canopy, is Bathsheba Sherman -- the contours of her eyes, face and body clearly outlined as she descends closer and closer -- the force of which causing each of the bed posts to strain, bending inward like they're made of rubber.

Lorraine remains paralyzed, unable to move... chilled by the ominous reality of this unholy spirit.

Lorraine digs deep and finds some inner strength to get herself moving -- scoops Judy up. Dashes out through the bedroom doorway just as the door whips closed right behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ed comes out with a thermos. Gets into the car.

INT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - CONTINUOUS

As he sets the thermos down on the passenger seat, his heart skips a beat --

-- The PICTURE OF JUDY dangling from the mirror has changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CROSS is now broken and hanging upside down, and Judy's eyes are white, void of pupils, identical to Bathsheba Sherman's in the earlier photograph.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - RIGHT AFTER

Ed is using a phone at the front counter --

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - SAME

Camera slowly moves through the house. Everything is still. The only thing we hear is the PHONE RINGING and RINGING -- no one answers.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Ed's hauling ass as he slides a turn and pulls up in the driveway of his house. Skids to a stop. Jams out.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - RIGHT AFTER

The door swings open. Ed swiftly enters.

ED
Lorraine?

No answer.

ED (cont'd)
-- Lorraine?

He sprints up a set of stairs before him.

ON THE STAIRS/HALLWAY

Ed, takes two at a time, speeds to the top, then makes a hard right, heading for the Master bedroom. The door is closed.

Ed gets to the door. Opens it. He looks to the bed. Empty. His panicked gaze shifts about the darkness -- Lorraine's not in there.

Ed continues down the hallway to Judy's room. Door's closed too. He slowly opens it -- afraid of what he's going to find.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to the bed. Empty as well. His panicked gaze shifts about the darkness, then there, tucked in a shadow is the silhouetted body of Lorraine. She's sitting on the floor with Judy in her lap.

Ed dashes to them -- Lorraine's got a bible open before her, and a Rosary tucked into her hand.

She and Ed's eyes meet --

ED
What happened?

She doesn't say anything, almost as if she can't, then --

LORRAINE
...She was here, Ed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - RIGHT AFTER

Ed moves into the kitchen -- full of anger. Lorraine's behind him.

ED
I don't believe this.

Ed goes to an address book by the phone on the counter -- quickly thumbs through it.

ED (cont'd)
We're supposed to be safe here,
and you opened the door for her.

LORRAINE
You make it sound like I meant to.

ED
You knew the rules.

Ed finds it incredulous. Sees the number he's looking for and dials. Lorraine is near tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRUCE LEVY'S HOUSE - STUDY - RIGHT AFTER

A single light illuminates Bruce. Has the phone to his ear. Rain pelts against the windows. His pregnant wife, same age, appears in the doorway, concerned.

BRUCE
I will. Did you tell Jerome?

ED (V.O.)
No. I can't get hold of him, he's
on his way back from his mom's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE
I'll get an APB out and have
someone pull him over and tell him
to call you immediately.

ED (V.O.)
Great. Be careful, Bruce -- do
what I said, and say it with
conviction.

BRUCE
I will.

Bruce slowly hangs up. Looks to his wife --

BRUCE (cont'd)
We need a bible.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEROME'S VAN - EARLY MORNING

Jerome is behind the wheel listening to an Eagles eight track kick out "TAKE IT EASY". Early morning light is just peeking over the horizon.

As the van crests a knoll --

-- HE HAS TO LOCK UP HIS BRAKES! Blocking the road before him is a horrible accident between a Ford Pinto and a Chevrolet station wagon. Skid marks scar the pavement. Smoke and steam rise from both.

Jerome holds the wheel tight, fighting for control as his van fishtails and SLIDES onto the dirt shoulder. He clips the front of the Pinto, spinning the van into a three-sixty before it comes to an abrupt stop.

He looks back at the wreckage. See that two teenagers are emerging out of the Pinto, but the station wagon's solo occupant, a man in his fifties, is slumped forward, not moving, and flames have engulfed the engine compartment.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jerome exits the van and races to the station wagon -- passing the teenagers, who are bloody and confused.

JEROME
Get off the road!

He gets to the station wagon -- the driver's window is down. His head leaning against the steering wheel. Still wears his seat belt. Morning news flows from the radio.

Jerome reaches in, feels for a pulse -- finds one.

Looks to the engine. Flames are growing. Grabs for the driver's door handle, but it's all smashed in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reaches through the window to open it from the inside and pulls on the lever -- doesn't work either.

He quickly moves around to get to the other door -- the heat growing intense as he rounds the front and gets to the other side.

As he pulls the door open --

The radio continues in the background --

RADIO DJ
It's five-fifteen for you early
risers --

SKIDDING TIRES drown out the DJ. Jerome looks to see that an EIGHTEEN WHEELER has come over the knoll and is a WALL OF METAL sliding right at him sideways -- brakes locked up. Jerome doesn't even have time to react as --

-- WHAMMM! The tail end of the rig picks him clean away from the station wagon -- like he was targeted.

SNAP TO BLACK:

INT. WARREN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ed's on the phone as he stands at the counter. Looks frustrated.

ED
I left a message a couple of hours ago for Father Jordon, is he back yet?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
No, I'm sorry -- we don't expect him to return until this afternoon.

ED
There's got to be some way to get hold of him.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
We can't interrupt him, he's in a bereavement council.

ED
When he comes in, tell him this is Ed Warren, and it's imperative that he calls me as soon as possible. He has the number.

Just as Ed hangs up the phone, IT RINGS. He finds it odd, but answers.

ED (cont'd)
...Hello?

As he listens, his face pales, his head lowers into one hand; grieving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED (cont'd)
 (sotto)
No...no...no.

Lorraine enters, looks to Ed, immediately sensing more trouble --

Ed continues to listen for a few beats, then --

ED (cont'd)
 ...Alright, thanks.

He numbly hangs up.

LORRAINE
 ...*Ed, what is it?*

He slowly rolls his head toward her --

ED
 That was Bruce. Jerome's dead.

Lorraine couldn't have heard that right.

LORRAINE
What...?

ED
 Car accident, early this morning.

Lorraine's eyes well --

Ed gets enraged. Slams his fist hard onto the counter.

ED (cont'd)
 Enough!

A wave of determination sweeps over him.

ED (cont'd)
 I'm driving to the church and
 getting this exorcism done today.

She moves over to him as he's grabbing his keys.

LORRAINE
 I'm going with you.

ED
 No -- you're not.

The lack of faith in his voice stings her hard. He walks out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN'S PLYMOUTH - RIGHT AFTER

Ed's sitting in the driver's seat. Just as he starts the car, the back passenger door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to see Lorraine, who has the manila envelope from Harrisville tucked under her arm, helping Judy in --

ED
What're you doing?

LORRAINE
We're taking Judy to your mom's,
then going to the church.
Together. I won't walk away from
these people, they need us -- this
is what we do.

ED
You can't, you're too involved.

LORRAINE
Maybe -- but that's what gives me
the strength to fight for that
family too. I'm going.

The look on Lorraine's face leaves no doubt for Ed that she's back on track. He nods.

She closes the back door, then climbs into the front.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN THE CAR - LATER

Ed is driving as Lorraine reads the pages sent from Shannon -- they pass a sign that reads: Boston 245 miles.

LORRAINE
-- Between the Shermans and the Perrons living there, the house has only been owned by two other families. One was the Walkers, whose kids were the ones I saw, and the other was the Heichts -- it says they had a son who was drowned by his mother --

SMASH CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE

Of the boy Cindy saw on the stairs -- his last breath of life escapes his mouth in an air bubble as his mother holds him under a foot of water near the shore of a pond. The body goes limp, his eyes locked wide open, staring at his mother, standing above the surface of the water -- expressionless.

LORRAINE (V.O.)
-- Who then killed herself...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE MOTHER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

stepping right in front of a fast moving train -- it's brutal as we catch glimpses of her body tumbling under the train.

Resume -

LORRAINE
(sotto)
Oh my Lord...

Lorraine looks to Ed with a sudden realization --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
...She possesses the mothers to
continue the sacrifices to Satan.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - BOSTON CATHEDRAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Ed and Lorraine walk right into Father Jordon's office, who's in the middle of speaking with the ARCHBISHOP, FATHER O'MALLEY; distinguished looking - late sixties. Both are caught off guard by the intrusion.

ED
I want to know what the hell's
going on -- we can't wait anymore.

FATHER JORDON
Ed and Lorraine, this is
Archbishop, Father O'Malley.
(beat)
I tried to call you.

ED
We've been on the road.

FATHER O'MALLEY
Please, sit down.

ED
I don't want to sit down. I want
an exorcism performed. Today.
What's the problem here?

Father O'Malley takes a beat -- what he's about to say doesn't look easy.

FATHER O'MALLEY
The church is refusing to grant
one.

Ed looks like he's been sucker punched.

FATHER JORDON
The family aren't parishioners,
and the children haven't been
Baptized.

LORRAINE
So what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER O'MALLEY
 Believe me, we've tried, but the
 Vatican is worried about public
 opinion if they were to step
 outside the boundaries of the
 church.

ED
 Tell the Vatican no one gives a
 shit. This needs to be stopped!
 Now!

FATHER O'MALLEY
 Please understand, my hands are
 tied on this matter -- I feel
 horrible about this.

Ed is dumbfounded.

ED
 So you're going to do nothing?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON CATHEDRAL - FRONT - RIGHT AFTER

A bitter Ed and Lorraine walk out of the church with Father Jordon.

ED
 We're just going to have to find
 someone else.

FATHER JORDON
 You're not going to get anyone to
 go against the church, Ed.

ED
 I don't believe this.

Father Jordon reaches out to Ed and Lorraine -- stops them. As their eyes meet -- there's an intensity to his gaze.

FATHER JORDON
 You've both have seen it done
 dozens of times --

Ed looks at him like he's out of his mind.

ED
 That doesn't make us qualified.

FATHER JORDON
 But your strength and knowledge of
 the scriptures can.

ED
 We've seen it go horribly wrong,
 even with a Priest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER JORDON
 I believe our Lord recognizes
 faith far more than he does
 training and education, or
 politics for that matter.

(beat)

This family doesn't have a choice,
 but you do -- and, you have God on
 your side. If you want to help
 them, then help them.

Ed looks to Lorraine, both their minds a whirl of limited options.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRISVILLE MOTEL - NIGHT

Cindy and Andrea approach their hotel room. Just as Cindy reaches for the doorknob, the door swings open, revealing Carolyn standing right before them. Her dirty hair is pulled back and is wearing a long grey dress -- she's even more gaunt and unkempt than the last time we saw her.

She steps out, closing the door behind her.

CAROLYN
 Come with me.

CINDY
 Where?

CAROLYN
 We're going home.

ANDREA
 But dad said --

CAROLYN
 (abrupt)
 -- He's meeting us there. C'mon.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Camera pans across the room and finds Roger on the floor next to a broken lamp. He's not moving and the back of his head is bloody from a blow to the head.

CUT TO:

INT. PERRON'S CAR - NIGHT

Carolyn's driving. The girls are in the back. They ride in silence for a few moments, then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY
Are you okay, mom?

Carolyn doesn't answer. The girls look to each other, more confused. Their worry continues to escalate.

Carolyn shifts her eyes to the rear view mirror and for a brief moment, THE EYES WE SEE are not hers anymore; these are dark, menacing, soulless.

DISSOLVE TO:

S.O. OF A PHONE RINGING. AND RINGING.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Ed holds a phone to his ear. Lorrain is in the Plymouth, parked outside the booth.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HARRISVILLE HOTEL ROOM - SAME

CU on the phone as it continues to ring. Rings again. And again. A hand then reaches into frame and fumbles for the receiver. Grabs it.

Widen -- it's Roger, who's fighting some pain as he holds the back of his head.

ED (V.O.)
Hello...? Hello?

Roger finally answers --

ROGER
Ed -- she tried to kill me.

ED (V.O.)
(fearful)
Where are the girls?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PERRON CAR - LATER

Carolyn turns down the driveway and heads toward their house that sits dark in the distance.

CINDY
You said dad was going to be here.

No answer from Carolyn, who continues to the front of the house and parks.

She grabs a bag holding the KNITTING NEEDLES as she gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy and Andrea look at each other -- they can't figure out what's going on as they watch their mom continue to the front door and disappear inside the house, leaving the entrance completely open.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERRON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - RIGHT AFTER

Cindy and Andrea walk up to the front door with caution in their steps. A chill chews on their spines --

-- the cellar door at the end of the hallway is wide open -- the deep scratches an eerie reminder of why they've kept it closed. The chair and wedge have been pushed aside.

CINDY
(calling out)
Mom, what are you doing? We
should go.

Still no response.

Cindy takes Andrea by the hand, and reluctantly heads inside the house. They go down the hallway toward the cellar -- slow step after slow step.

CINDY (cont'd)
Mom -- are you down there?

When they get to the door, they peer in to see, a vacant staircase.

CINDY (cont'd)
Mom...?

A slight shuffling noise is the only response.

CINDY (cont'd)
Mom -- answer me. Are you okay?

The noise stops. Cindy's instincts are screaming at her to leave, but this is her mom.

CINDY (cont'd)
(to Andrea)
Stay here.

Cindy tries the light switch -- doesn't work.

ANDREA
(panicked)
Let's just go.

Cindy ignores her.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

She heads down. Stops halfway --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Mom...?

WHOOSH! A HAND suddenly shoots out from between the stairs, grabbing onto her ankle, tripping her --

-- Cindy grabs onto the handrail to keep herself from falling. She looks to the gap between the stairs to see her mom staring out at her with those wild, soulless eyes -- hand still latched onto her foot.

Cindy heel drives her free foot against her mother's wrist, freeing the grasp she has on her and scrambles back up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cindy WHIPS THE DOOR CLOSED! The second she slams the chair back into place -- A LOUD, VIOLENT BANGING ON THE DOOR reverberates right before her.

The girls recoil from the impact, visibly trembling -- how did their mom get there so fast. Either way, they're getting the hell out of there.

Two steps into their departure --

-- THE CELLAR DOOR flies off hinges -- the chair goes flying. Standing in the doorway, half in and out of the darkness, is Carolyn; her breath is elevated, almost hissing on each exhale as she grips the knitting needles tight in one hand.

Both the girls spin on their heels. Race for the front door, which SLAMS SHUT right before them. The girls scream. Cindy struggles with the door, but it won't budge.

ANDREA

Open it! Open it!

CINDY

I can't.

Movement through a side window catches her attention --

-- it's Roger racing up the driveway in the pickup.

CINDY (cont'd)

Daaaaaad!

Cindy throws a panicked look over her shoulder to see her mom approaching. She grabs her little sister by the hand and races up the stairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Roger slides the truck to a skidding stop. Jumps out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY O.C.
DAAAAAAAAD!!!

Roger runs to the front door. It's locked. Front kicks the crap out of it until it busts from its frame. Rushes in.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COLIN TAFT ROAD - NIGHT

CU ON POLICE CRUISER LIGHTS FLASHING

Widen. We see Ed and Lorraine's car traveling right behind Bruce Levy, who is driving a POLICE CRUISER, escorting them at high speed as they slide a turn onto the Perron's driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. WARREN'S CAR - SAME

Ed and Lorraine see Roger's truck with its door open -- engine still running. Its headlights are on, lighting the house like center stage.

The cars skid to a stop. Just as they all get out -

-- A GUNSHOT ECHOES OUT IN THE NIGHT as a muzzle flash pops from a bedroom window upstairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

Lorraine turns and gives Ed a disturbed look. Bruce is with them as they all head into the house. He draws his gun.

INT. PERRON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CINDY O.C.
DADDY, NO!!

Ed, Bruce and Lorraine kick it into high, racing up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - RIGHT AFTER

As they come off the top of the stairs --

CINDY O.C.
(pleading)
... please, let her go!

Ed races down the hallway to the master bedroom. Door's closed. Lorraine and Bruce are right behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed yanks the door open to see --

-- Roger has a rifle pointed point blank at Carolyn's head, who has her arms wrapped around Andrea in a death grip, holding her next to the bed -- the knitting needles having fallen to her feet.

There's scattered plaster on the floor from a fresh bullet hole in the ceiling above.

Cindy is a short distance away, petrified.

ROGER
Carolyn, let her go -- don't make
me do this, please.

ED
Roger -- no.

He snaps --

ROGER
She tried to stab her!

ED
It's not her doing this!

Andrea struggles... barely able to breath. Ed moves closer to Roger, who's barely holding it together.

ANDREA
(barely audible)
Mommy, you're hurting me.

CINDY
Mom, stop.

ROGER
Carolyn, let her go.

ED
Pulling that trigger is exactly
what this witch wants you to do --
it's another sacrifice.

Bruce moves into the room, closes in on Roger --

BRUCE
Roger, just lower your gun -- give
it to me.

ROGER
No! Carolyn, let her go!

Roger looks like he could lose it any second --

LORRAINE
Roger, please -- give him the
gun...

We see Roger struggling with a decision -- stares at Carolyn's maniacal face before him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She seems to be enjoying every second of this, tormenting him by pulling Andrea in tighter --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
C'mon, give it to Bruce.

Carolyn immediately puts more pressure on Andrea -- who is now beginning to turn slightly blue. He raises it up again.

ED
Don't give her what she wants.

Roger yields.

ROGER
You better be right.

As he lowers the gun to give to Bruce --

WHAM! He's kicked by Carolyn with such brute force, he flies backwards across the room into the wall. Glass flies, gun goes sliding across the floor. Cindy's losing it fast. Ed and Bruce move in to grab hold of Carolyn.

Ed gets a backhand to the face. Draws blood. Bruce leaps onto Carolyn, bringing she and Andrea to the floor, but her grip remains strong on Andrea, continuing to squeeze the life out of her, now more than ever.

LORRAINE
(to Roger)
Grab her arms!

Lorraine and Roger latch onto the arms, her strength overwhelming -- Ed gets to his feet, extracting the vial of Holy water. Dips his forefinger into it. Crosses himself.

ED
My Lord, you are all powerful, you are God, you are our Father --

Carolyn instantly arches her back, folding her body into an upside down "U". Ed gets close, reaching out, placing his finger on Carolyn's forehead, making the sign of the cross --

ED (cont'd)
Ecce crucem donine, fugite partes adversa!

Behind it all, we hear Lorraine saying the Lord's prayer.

The pictures fly off the dresser at sonic speed and disintegrate into the opposing wall. Glass shatters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ED (cont'd)
I beg you Lord, through the
intercession and help of the arch
angels Michael, Rafael and
Gabriel, for the deliverance of
our sister who is enslaved by the
evil one.

Cindy stands still -- paralyzed with fear.

ED (cont'd)
Imponat extreman parte stolae
ejus.

Ed makes the sign of the cross over his chest, then flicks Holy Water on Carolyn. A GUTTURAL SCREAM escapes Carolyn's mouth, which looks like a spider web of saliva -- and for a nano-second, her skin becomes transparent, veiny, pulsating,

She begins to writhe and rotate on the wood floor, taking anyone holding on with her -- her body is unnaturally stiff.

A SOURCELESS WIND erupts within the room -- spinning everything around -- clothing and hair whip uncontrollably.

ED (cont'd)
Sanctissima vero Eucharistia super
caput obssessi, aut aliter ejus
corpori ne admoveatur, ob
irreverentia periculum.

Lorraine sees Carolyn's eyes keep fading back and forth -- from pitch black pupils, to blue -- as if there were an internal struggle going on --

LORRAINE
Fight it, Carolyn! Don't let her
take you!

The dresser slides across the floor, ripping DEEP SCRATCHES in the wood. It just misses Lorraine by a fraction as it plows right by her, bounces off the bed frame and embeds into the drywall.

Lorraine looks to Cindy --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Help us!

ED
Keep her away --

LORRAINE
No Ed -- there's a reason she
hasn't killed her, Carolyn's still
fighting the possession -- she can
help her! Get her to fight this!

Ed pauses for a second, his mind racing through limited options. Agrees with Lorraine. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 (to Cindy)
 Take her feet!

Cindy quickly obeys, holding down her mom's feet as Carolyn arches unnaturally; a contortion that would seemingly break anyone's back --

-- Carolyn then collapses back down to the floor with a loud thud, but keeps her death grip on Andrea, who's now limp in her arms; her face turning blue from lack of Oxygen. Ed and Bruce frantically try to pry her fingers off of Andrea, but she's too strong.

The wind builds in intensity.

Lorraine looks into Carolyn's eyes that continue to fade back and forth --

LORRAINE (cont'd)
 You fight her Carolyn, don't give up.

CINDY
 Please mom, please! You can do it. Make her let go of Andrea!

ED
 Nos eriperet de potestate diaboli.
 Ab omni hoste visibili et
 invisibili et ubique in hoc
 saeculo liberetur.

The bed flips up against the wall, windows blast open, the lights surge with power.

Carolyn gives one last burst of energy; muscles twitch and veins rise from under her skin, but everyone holds her down tight -- then, like someone pulled the plug, Carolyn stops moving, becomes limp, almost catatonic. Her arms fall off of Andrea, who rolls to the floor in a dead heap.

Everything falls still -- not a sound. It's over.

Roger immediately begins to give his daughter mouth to mouth -- everyone watches on. Crying, praying, hoping...

A cough draws their attention -- it's Carolyn, who is attempting to get her bearings... when she finally does, she's overwhelmed when she sees her daughter not moving, then -

-- a small cough erupts from Andrea, who then takes a deep breath. Tears flood from her father and sister.

Carolyn crawls over to them, stares at Andrea eye to eye; both emotional wrecks. Pulls her into an embrace. Roger and Cindy join in.

Lorraine takes a beat watching the Perron's reunited, then looks to Ed. Goes over to him. Their eyes meet -- she smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ED (cont'd)
You did good.

LORRAINE
You too.

Long beat.

ED
Still feel like quitting?

A slow smile grows on her lips --

LORRAINE
Not just yet.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - DAY

Ed and Lorraine pull up in their driveway. Judy and her Grandmother come out the front door to greet them. Judy runs to the car.

As Lorraine gives her a warm hug, Ed extracts a box from the back seat and hands it to her. She opens the top to see TWELVE BABY CHICKS INSIDE.

Off her smile, we fade out.

The end.

Over black

SCROLL
The Perron family left the house that day, and never returned. They relocated to Oregon, where they haven't had anymore encounters. Shortly after their move, the house was purchased by an anonymous buyer, whom Ed and Lorraine believe was the Catholic Church. The Warrens went on to investigate over eight thousand cases, and to this day, Ed is the only non-ordained Demonologist ever recognized by the Vatican. It was one year later that the Warren's were called to Amityville.